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# NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 3, 1966

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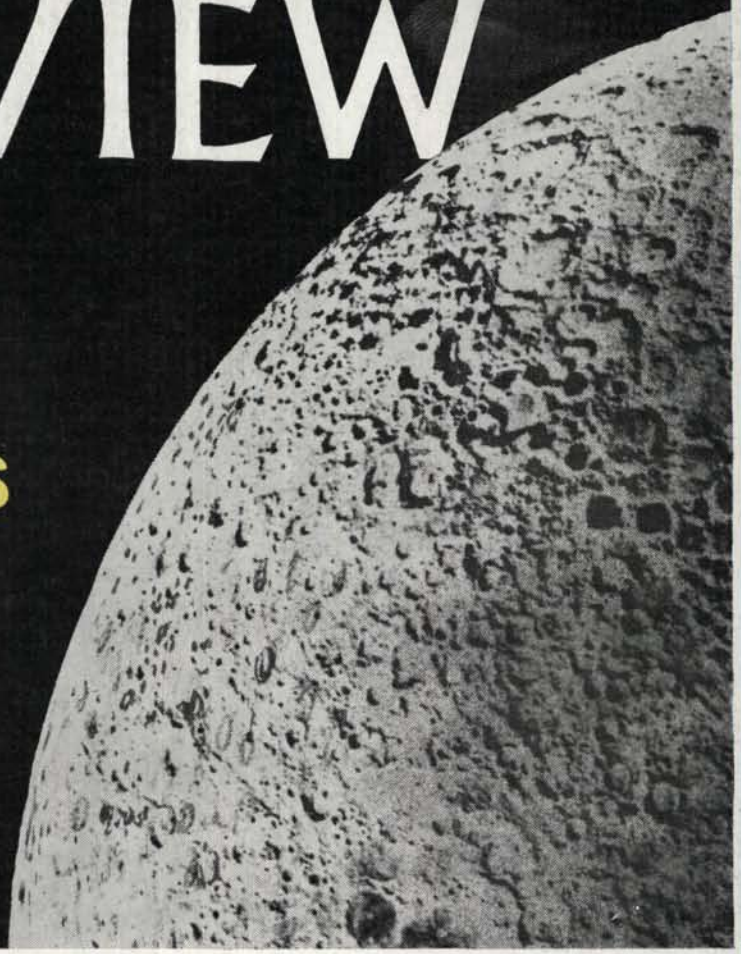

## IMPERIAL AMERICA:

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THOMAS MOLNAR

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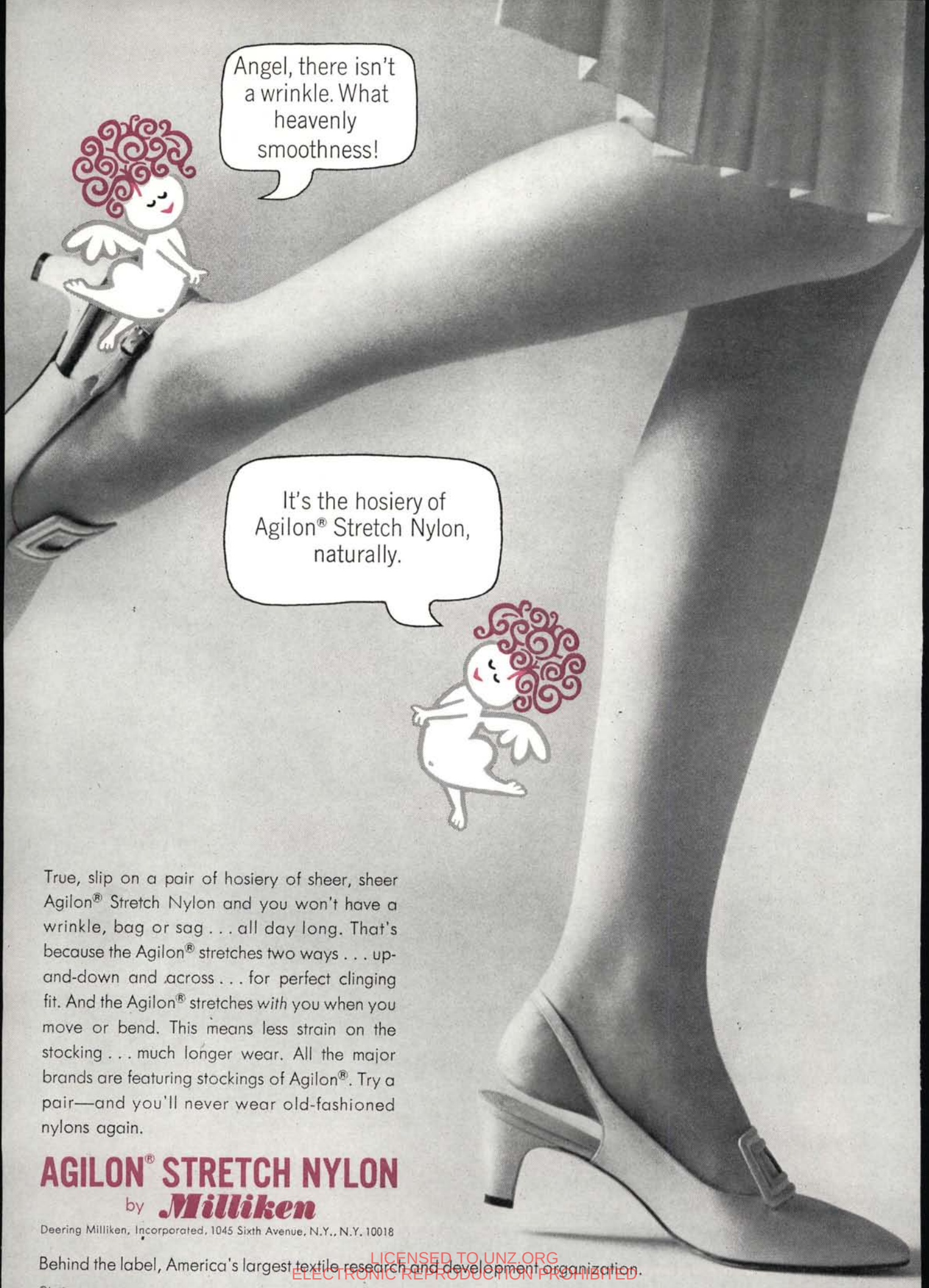


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## *In This Issue*

➔ . . . We reproduce (at the expense of most of our columnists' columns) large excerpts from a historic judicial decision, one of whose incidental benefits is the liberation of NATIONAL REVIEW from the nasty litigiousness of Dr. Linus Pauling, chemist and fellow traveler. Nothing in the written record of the trial or in the reported accounts published in newspapers and magazines can adequately describe the chaos that is visited upon a small organization by an onerous and protracted legal assault. For the better part of a year, we have devoted precious time and energy, and non-available resources, to The Case—when we should have been wholly engaged in the magazine business. At any rate, the vindication is of more than personal importance, which is why we shove so much of the normal contents of the magazine aside, to make way for extensive treatment of Linus Pauling's TKO.

➔ We look long, and not too lovingly, at Imperial America and at various parts of the globe which make uneasy to rest our yet uncrowned head. Prof. **Thomas Molnar** leads off with a somber comparison of American and Roman history up to the point where emperors became gods and John Fitzgerald Kennedy became, well, an apprentice god. *Must* all roads lead to Roman ruin? Prof. Molnar gives us a fighting chance yet. . . . Mr. **John Campbell,** founder and editor of *Analog,* the premier sf mag, takes Lloyd Mallan to task for concluding that the Soviets are technically depressed. They're liars, but smart liars. . . . Just a minim, says **Lloyd Mallan,** science reporter and Soviet debunker: we agree they're liars, let's also agree it's as perilous to overestimate them as to underestimate them. . . . **Farley Clinton,** a free-lance journalist and Evelyn Waugh fan, discusses Waugh as a religious writer; **Hugh Kenner** appraises him as a literary craftsman. . . . **Lowell Thomas** bids adieu to the fabled Felix von Luckner. . . . And the celebrated gourmet Mrs. **Nika Standen Hazelton,** munching incognito, has informed herself of the restaurative abilities of two New York spots, reasonable, straightforward, clean, pleasant, interesting, and unsolicited.

➔ Prof. **Hugh Kenner,** for whose literary criticism the late T. S. Eliot had the highest regard, is heard from again in a review of Mr. Eliot's lot of essays, *To Criticize the Critic,* finding high meditations set in peculiarly indeterminate prose. . . . Prof. **Will Herberg** renders judgment after an attentive reading of two Catholic authors. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** finds in John Hersey's new novel a potent and radical attack on beatnikism, and in Paul Metcalf's *Genoa* a touch of genius not unlike that which surfaced a century ago in the works of Metcalf's ancestor, Herman Melville. . . . A collection of Oswald Spengler's letters moves **William S. Schlamm** to talk of Spengler's place, and the West's place, in history. . . . **Francis Russell,** stopping over in Warsaw with a roll of Kennedy halves, meets the most interesting people. ➔




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# LETTERS

***Catholics and Abortion***

I dislike, very much, disagreeing with my valued friend, Bill Buckley, in his article "The Catholic Church and Abortion" [April 5] but to say that I disagree is to put it very mildly indeed. Mr. Buckley asserts: "The positive law, the law in effect, does not recognize an unborn child as a human entity, possessing rights, etc." Now, General Hershey recently asserted that though a married man is still subject to the draft, *a married man whose wife is carrying an unborn child is exempt, "the unborn child being considered as a legal, living child."* I believe an unborn child is also considered as an heir, at least he is according to British laws, with which I am more familiar than with American, though I understand that even under American laws an unborn child is an "heir," and endowed with rights.

*Buffalo, N.Y.* TAYLOR CALDWELL

William F. Buckley Jr. "finds a contradiction between the religious liberty pronouncements of Vatican II and the position of the U.S. Church on abortion." Although his analysis of the American social and legal situation would seem to be in order, he (like Daniel Calahan in the April 1 issue of *Commonweal!*) makes the "Declaration of Religious Freedom" say much more than it was meant to say.

The document is aimed quite explicitly at civil governments and at "coercion" which is a technical word meaning the forcing of compliance by the use of force or by the threat of its use.

Furthermore, section fourteen states: "For the church is, by the will of Christ, the teacher of the truth. It is her duty to give utterance to, and authoritatively to teach, that truth which is Christ himself, and also to declare and confirm by her authority those principles of the moral order which have their origins in human nature itself."

*Bronx, N.Y.* FRANCIS J. LORRY

One answer to William Buckley's comments on abortion is that the structure of the argument would serve equally well, *mutatis mutandis*, a campaign to legalize euthanasia or genocide. The column reeks of relativism. Although his admirers know better, Mr. Buckley writes in this instance as though he had never heard of the natural law.

The position of the Catholic Church (which one would add, in happier days, can take care of itself) may be defended derivatively. What demands does "religious freedom" legitimately make on individuals? Surely not that a man like Mr. Buckley, who believes that the natural law protects unborn children, must blushingly retire from attempts to give a positive-law sanction to that protection when he learns from the opinion polls that he may be outvoted. But if such diffidence is not required of Buckley, why of the Church, which is the larger institution?

One could predict that Vatican II's Declaration on Religious Liberty would generate much mischief. But what it seems to have done to my friend was quite unforeseen—to date, to my knowledge, not even the tipsiest representative of the Catholic New Breed has been driven to this bit of recklessness.

*Oremus.*

*Washington, D.C.* L. BRENT BOZELL

*The natural-law argument could be used to mobilize Catholics to war against laws that permit saloons to do business on the Sabbath, judges who grant divorces in Reno, couples who use contraceptives, doctors who perform ectopic abortions . . . but Mr. Bozell, like Savonarola, could easily lengthen the list. If he will look at my article once again, quickly before it is Indexed, he might discover that it is an essay that attempts to mine the meaning of the Vatican Council's declaration on religious liberty—in search of apposite sanctions for Catholics who live in a pluralistic society against those of their legislators who combine to enact laws that permit conduct which is contrary to the natural law as understood by Catholics. I do not deny that there are circumstances under which a Catholic might, indeed should, adopt revolutionary positions vis-à-vis his own society; I merely question that the Word of God, not necessarily coterminous with the word of Mr. Bozell, clearly ordains that that moment has come if and when the half dozen states now deliberating the legalization of abortion under certain circumstances (e.g. potential damage to the health of the mother) should proceed to enact such laws. If I am tipsy on the subject, then the Catholic bishops in, say, Sweden—who have not enjoined upon their flocks a revolutionary resistance to the government in protest against its 30-year-old toleration of certain abortion laws—are nothing less than confirmed alcoholics, desperately in need of Mr. Bozell's ministrations. Affectionately,*

WFB JR.

***Nigeria vs. Rhodesia***

Mrs. Huxley in the February 22 issue has shown great ignorance and lack of understanding of the Nigerian situation. In her article there are many small mistakes. She has called Chief Okotie-Eboh a Yoruba when he was from one of the minor tribes of the midwest. The only elections held last October were in the Western Region, not in all four regions as stated. The greatest mistake, however, was calling the ruling classes of the Northern Region non-Negro. There is no doubt that the Fulani aristocracy have many religious and cultural similarities with the people of North Africa (the Sardauna of Sokoto was Vice President of the World Muslim League) but racially they are Negroes having the same religions as other groups of West Africa.

Mrs. Huxley has also used the general acceptance by world leaders of the new military regime in Nigeria as a take-off for a tirade on these same leaders' attitude toward Mr. Smith's government in Rhodesia. In doing so she has completely misunderstood the whole purpose of the rebellion in Nigeria. The rebellion of Major Nzegwu and his group was the active expression of popular feeling about corruption which was present throughout Nigeria. Everybody was fed up with the state of affairs. The rebellion and subsequent military takeover were a last resort. If there were a referendum in Nigeria tomorrow giving the people a choice between the old government and the new military government, there is no doubt the military govern-

**(Continued on p. 435)**


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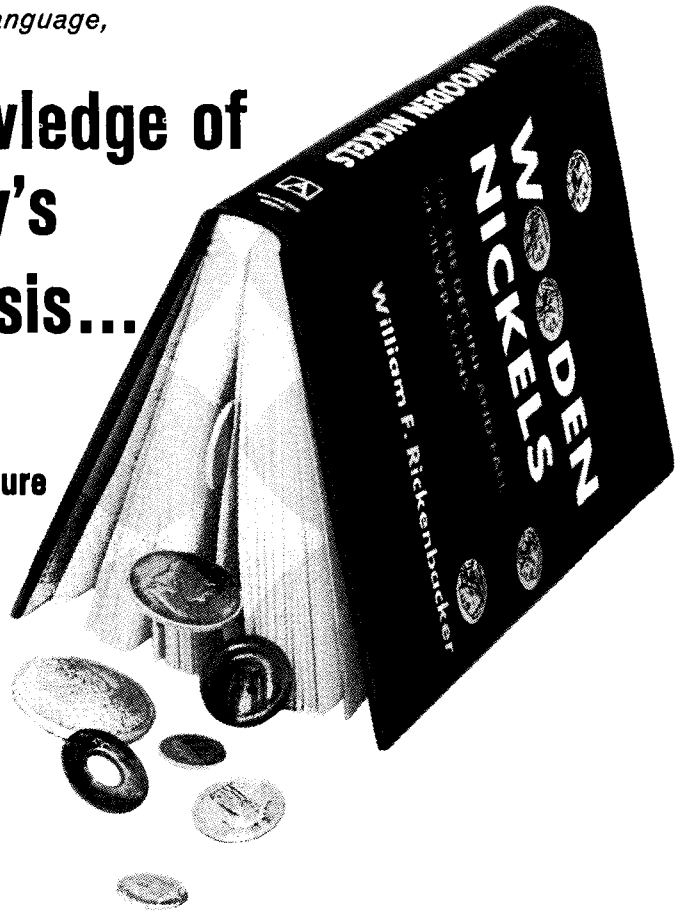


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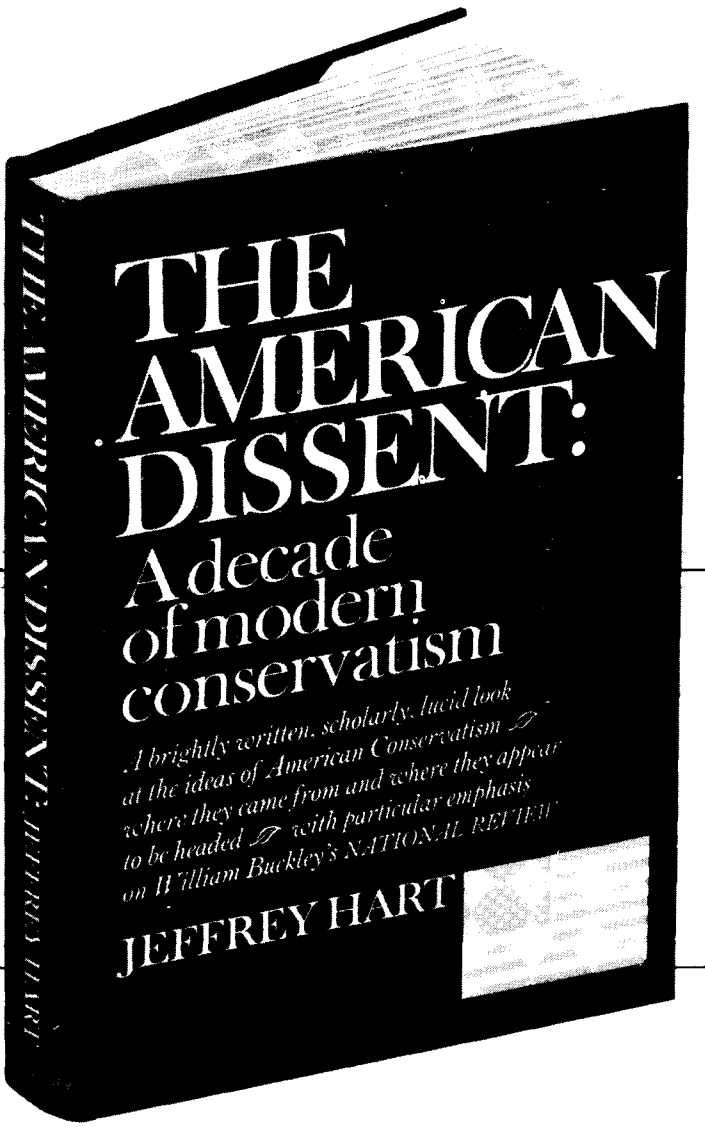
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## *About the author-*

Jeffrey Hart, Associate Professor of English at Dartmouth, was born in Brooklyn and educated at Columbia. During the Korean War, he joined Naval Intelligence; after leaving the service he returned to Columbia for his doctorate. A recipient of a Dartmouth Faculty Fellowship, Mr. Hart is currently engaged in a critical study of Edmund Burke.

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# The WEEK

● The Office of Economic Opportunity has approved an expenditure of $2 million on rat control in Chicago. They fink big in Chicago.

● Republicans on Capitol Hill were so incensed by the bias of a recent NBC poll that Rep. Gerald Ford, House Minority Leader, and Rep. Bob Wilson, chairman of the GOP Congressional Committee, privately urged their colleagues not to respond—or to protest the bias if they did respond. NBC queried all members of Congress and delegates to the 1964 Republican and Democratic national conventions for its April 20 TV program on "political attitudes, your Party's position and your own position toward current issues." On the proposal that the Federal Government protect civil rights workers in the South, NBC asked: "One of the organizations working in the South and asking for the federal law is the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee . . . SNCC. One of the organizations which think that a federal law is unnecessary is the White Citizens Council. Do you agree or disagree that: a federal law to protect civil rights workers *should* be put into effect?" And: "There have been arguments recently as to whether the Supreme Court has gone too far in protecting the rights of the individual at the expense of society in general. One of the consistent defenders of the Court is the organization Americans for Democratic Action. One of the groups in disagreement with the Court's action has been the John Birch Society. Do you agree or disagree that: the Court's actions concerning individual rights *have* been correct?"

● The Commerce Department, Secretary Connor presiding, urges American business to export-export-export. There has been a drought in Argentina. Argentine hides for export are terribly scarce. American hide exporters are in position to make a killing overseas. But that might raise shoe prices at home. The shoe boys got to Connor. Under a 1949 war-hangover statute Connor placed tight controls on the export of U.S. hides, thus jeopardizing $100 million of export earnings per year. Do we, or don't we, want to encourage exports? Solution next week.

● Since mid-March the Treasury supply of silver bullion has declined by about 15 million ounces. If it had been possible to acquire and retire silver certificates fast enough to release that much silver from the legal requirement to back the outstanding silver certificates, the Treasury doubtless would have done so. But the silver certificates are getting harder to find. Only about three-quarters of the current silver drain can be "financed" by retiring silver certificates. The rest comes from silver reserves over and above the legal requirement (the so-called free silver). These reserves, which had been built up to 302 million ounces last September after the silver rush of 1961, had declined to 244 million ounces by mid-April. Mr. H. F. Magnuson, a v-p of Golconda Mining, figures the Treasury will have to stop selling silver within a year. "It appears," says he, "as if the future for silver is extremely bright and the day of reckoning is not far off."

● Remember the on-site inspection arguments that raged prior to the 1963 signing of a partial test-ban treaty with Moscow? Well, the problem is still with us. It has just now been disclosed that the U.S., in order to test our detection devices, set off an 80-kiloton underground blast in the Aleutians last October. When the scientists tried to pinpoint the spot of the blast, using seismographic information, they missed by a whopping fifteen miles, which means inspectors would have had to search 750 square miles for the blast site. Which in turn means, propaganda notwithstanding, we are not yet technically equipped to detect Soviet cheating.

● Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has come out for 7 billion dollars per annum for the poverty program, as opposed to the current $2 billion, remarking that the United States has no business spending so much money on foreign aid, when there is so much unspent at home. The temptation is to observe the obvious, that ACP must not be taken seriously, a) because he is not a serious man, b) because everything he says is manifestly offered for effect, not for deliberation. Still, Mr. Powell is a sensitive barometer; and in this case, predicting more circuses at home, and fewer abroad. There is no questioning that, under the poverty program, Mr. Powell has found Harlem a juicier resort than even Europe, or Asia, or the other continents in which he has in the past endeavored so heroically to dissipate the glut in accumulated counterpart U.S. funds. The Poverty Program is a good deal for the Reverend Powell who, for so long as a single poor man exists in Harlem, will no doubt continue to commit himself to a life of unsparing luxury. But beyond the immediate advantages, all those millions to deploy, the gesture is otherwise significant, harmonizing with the growth of that neo-isolationism which the anti-Vietnam movement has fostered. There is a retrenchment in the national propensity for foreign spending, and the Reverend Powell is, as a high-strung political instrument, probably prematurely aware of the trend. But in due course the continuing gold drain is bound to cause Powell to remind the nation that it can spend its gold on him at far less disadvantage than on his counterparts in far-away places.



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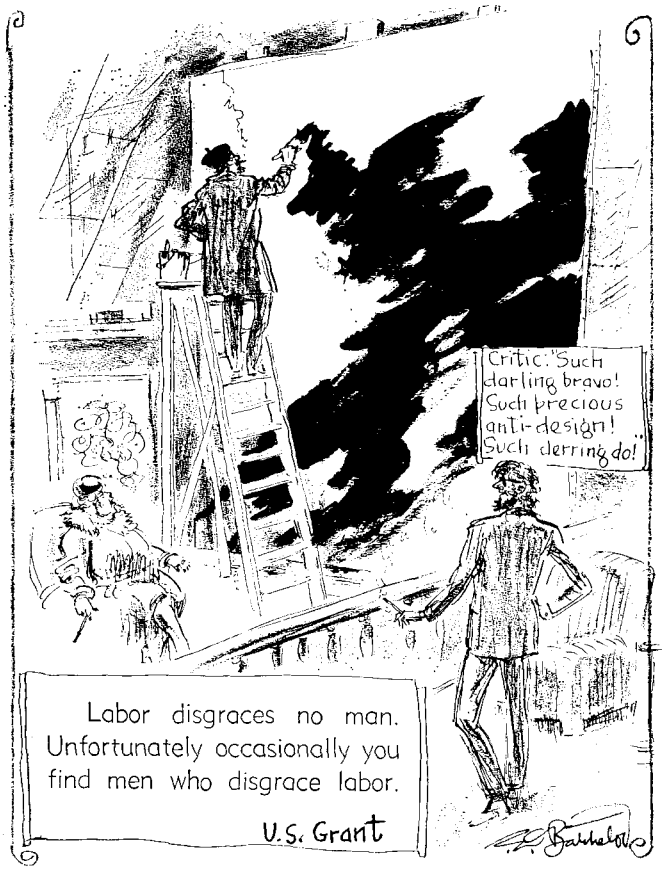
● The Internal Revenue Service should be authorized to collect state income taxes for those states wishing to enter into such an agreement, according to the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. ACIR recognizes the possibility of "loss of absolute state control over the collection process and the consequent aggrandizement of the federal bureaucracy." But it argues that the states' tax sovereignty would not be jeopardized "because they would retain the ultimate administrative and political responsibility, both for determining the amount of the tax and for final adjudication of taxpayer liabilities." The proposal indicates just how far ACIR, whose ostensible purpose is to strengthen federalism, has edged toward the idea that states must serve as administrative subdivisions of the Federal Government.

● 1) It is wrong, says the eminent Princeton theologian Paul Ramsey, for a clergyman to leave the impression that his position against the war in Vietnam issues from "the insight and responsibilities of a clergyman, or from being a good Protestant, Catholic or Jew." 2) A week later the equally eminent Reverend Eugene Carson Blake, newly elected head of the World Council of Churches, insists that "spiritual, not merely political, considerations" are behind the WCC's latest whoops for peace in Vietnam, war against Rhodesia, and Red China in the UN. The words of one Eminence falling on deaf ears, the words of the other, from blind mouths.


Critic: 'Such darling bravo! Such precious anti-design! Such derring do!'
Labor disgraces no man. Unfortunately occasionally you find men who disgrace labor.
U.S. Grant

● That Great Come and Get It Day has, we see by a handbill, come and gone, and we only hope they got it. The Committee of Welfare Families of the Lower East Side announced a "Public Meeting for Welfare Clients" and posted this information: "The law says: welfare *must* give you. . . . Beds, Linoleum, Dressers, Blankets & Sheets, Curtain-Window Shades, Bathroom Mirror, Pots & Pans, Dishes, Silverware, Kitchen Table—one Chair for Each Child—Towels & Linen, Lamps & End Tables, Raincoat." Raincoat? Obviously, to keep from being battered to death by pennies from Heaven.

## *Vietnam: SNAFU*

Something is wrong with Lyndon Johnson's Hegelian habit of command. Moving simultaneously in contrary directions in hope of conciliating opposing power-blocs hasn't brought about the classical synthesis. It has brought a muddle of conflicts instead, and landed the President farther than ever from the consensus he so highly prizes. Certainly as regards the Vietnam war, the weight of opinion at this moment is gravely inclined against him. A recent Gallup poll reports substantial majorities favoring peace proposals of the sort put forth by Senators Mansfield and Fulbright. Never mind that the proposals themselves are unrealistic to the point of hallucination: what seems to have galvanized the response is the growing fear of a big war—a war, moreover, which people do not understand and are anxious to liquidate. Such, at any rate, is the burden of complaints members of Congress are now receiving from all parts of the country, according to *New York Times* columnist Arthur Krock. It's a confusion enforced by the absence of any clear directive from above and compounded by the two-ways-at-once style dictated by the President to his ministers.

And the style itself has degenerated. Nowadays it is less a matter of balancing counterpositions than of saying one thing and doing another—speaking softly and whanging away with a machete. The *Times* gives the doves Dean Rusk's assurances of faith in eventual friendship with Red China (see below); the next day we bomb missile sites fifteen miles outside of Hanoi and shrink the perimeter of sanctuary by half for the first time in the war. If this be escalation, then let it be. But why the lip service to the Red China lobby? And, asks Krock, "What is the explanation of the timing of the Rusk release and an action certain to defer any possible attainment of its objectives?"

A policy hopefully combining discrete enterprises



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functions, or fails to function, on the soundness of its parts. More and more, the unforeseen imperatives of a bruisingly expensive war, rather than options of power, are dominating command decisions. The Administration's mazy motion begins to seem a cover for incapacity and mismanagement at key centers of control. The strategy of "restrained harassment" via air attacks on North Vietnam has failed to restrain the flow of supplies and troops along the Ho Chi Minh Trail into South Vietnam. Intelligence reports estimate the net cash value to the U.S. of those raids between February and March at $50 million—a figure gloomily disproportionate to the $200 or so million lost in downed aircraft during the same period. Stories of a weapons shortage, hotly denied by Secretary McNamara, blew up a minor scandal when it became known the U.S. was paying a West German firm $20.56 each for "surplus" Korean War bombs sold it by the Defense Department—for $1.68—in 1964, a year when the Secretary was busy smiting Republican candidates for suggesting he might pursue just such a bombing strategy as he came later, and all too insufficiently, to adopt. The shaving of the Hanoi perimeter was very probably a cost-efficiency move, designed to 1) get the war back on its computer-programmed schedule and 2) accomplish at long last something like the quantum jump in bombing operations the military have been pressing for.

But the discrete elements of policy are now become discordant entities. McNamara does not gear with Rusk. Rusk does not gear with himself. The President does not speak. The people don't know what to think. The war is costing us more than the Administration seems willing to pay. We can hardly afford it and the luxury of perfect Johnsonian style, too.

## *Is Our China Policy Changing?*

What did Secretary of State Rusk actually say in his lengthy testimony before the Far East Subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee? The *New York Times* headlined the story: "Peace with China Foreseen by Rusk." And certainly Mr. Rusk did tell the Committee: "We hope that Peking's policies may one day take account of the desire of the people of Asia and her own people for peace and security. We have said in successive Administrations that when Peking abandons the aggressive use of force and shows that it is not irrevocably hostile to the United States, then expanded contacts and improved relations may become possible. This continues to be our position."

But the main thrust of Mr. Rusk's testimony was a thoughtful and detailed account of Red China's aggressions in the past seventeen years toward its neighbors in Asia: South Korea, Tibet, India, South Vietnam, Malaya, Taiwan and now Thailand; its attempts to foment revolution in Africa; its claim to be the legitimate leader of the Communist world revolutionary movement.

"I wish," said the Secretary, "I could believe that Communist China seeks merely a guarantee of friendly states around its borders, as some commentators have suggested. If it was as simple as this they would have only to abandon their policies which cause their neighbors to seek help from the United States."

Mr. Rusk reminded the committee that Communist China has posed four unacceptable conditions to entry into the United Nations: 1) the UN resolution of 1950 condemning Chinese Communist aggression in Korea would have to be rescinded; 2) a new UN resolution condemning U.S. aggression would have to be adopted; 3) the UN would have to be reorganized according to Peking's prescription; and 4) Free China and all other "imperialist puppet" regimes would have to be expelled. "One can only ask," said Mr. Rusk, "whether the Chinese Communists seriously want membership or whether they mean to destroy the United Nations."

While leaving the door open for negotiations at any time when Red China's leaders abandon their policies of aggression, Mr. Rusk told the Committee: "Today we and Peking are as far apart on matters of fundamental policy as we were seventeen years ago."



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## Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Angry voices have been raised in Congress about the steel mill European firms plan to build for Red China, but there have been few concrete proposals since foreign policy is primarily the responsibility of the Executive branch. Rep. Melvin Laird (R., Wis.), the hard-hitting chairman of the House GOP Conference, plans to submit an amendment to the Defense Department appropriations bill for fiscal 1967 which would place a limitation on U.S. contracts to buy arms from countries involved in strategic trade with the Communists, and which would close the present loopholes in defining what is "strategic." Sen. John Pastore (D., R.I.), a member of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee, is thinking along similar lines.

◆ President Johnson's plans to increase American trade with Communist countries are being met by a stony silence from Congress. The more the Viet war heats up, the less palatable "building bridges to the East" looks to election-conscious congressmen. In his State of the Union address, the President gave priority to removal of "the special tariff restrictions which are a barrier to increasing trade between East and West." His party's top congressional leadership has advised him to defer that move until next year. What worries hard-liners on Capitol Hill, however, is the tremendous power already in the hands of the Executive to increase trade with the Communists and declare items "non-strategic."

◆ First the Pentagon was muzzled, and now the "taxpayer's watchdog"—the General Accounting Office—has been effectively tamed by the Great Society. GAO was set up by Congress in 1921 to operate as an independent auditing and accounting check on government agencies. It did its job of exposing waste and misuse of public money well—so well that its victims vowed revenge, and now have got it. When tough Comptroller General Joe Campbell retired, LBJ put in the more pliable Elmer Staats, a Budget Bureau graduate, as his successor. Then early this year a branch of the House Committee on Government Operations held hearings, at which the targets of the GAO's scrutiny—the contractors, associations, and bureaucrats—related their woes. Now GAO has capitulated. Its reports "will be couched in constructive terms rather than in terms of the deficiencies being reported," says Committee Chairman William L. Dawson (D., Ill.). GAO will make recommendations to the Justice Department only in rare cases. Copies of all reports on contractors will be submitted in draft form before being made public. There will be "fewer" reports, and "the GAO now has discontinued disclosing the identities of individuals immediately responsible for actions or operations under criticism." The public is the loser.

◆ Rep. Wayne Aspinall (Colo.) and 25 other Democratic congressmen from Western states have practically read themselves out of their Party's whip system. Aspinall has told Speaker John McCormack that the leadership "should be more responsive to the members of the House of Representatives, than to the Executive branch." Specifically, the rebels object to the practice by "regional whips" of taking advance head counts on close issues. Dissidents have found themselves the target of White House and private lobbyists. The 26 Democrats now provide their regional whip only the total votes for and against upcoming bills, without divulging the names of the nonconformists. And they have threatened to stop giving numbers if pressure is exerted to get the names of dissenters. The issue that triggered the revolt was a bill to remove the secondary boycott ban on picketing of construction sites. The labor barons are determined to push it through, but freshman Democrats from marginal districts are balking. They were on the wrong side of the right-to-work fight with their constituents, and don't want to repeat the mistake.

◆ A department of the Federal Government is actually closing shop! More than 20 years after World War II, the Office of Alien Property—which handled German and Japanese property seized in this country during the war—plans to end its operation by June 30. Its few remaining functions will be handled by the civil division of the Justice Department.

**CATO**

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## *Her Tattered Emblem*

The Opera Company itself is moving uptown to Lincoln Center—a move weighted about equally with pro and con. The old Metropolitan Opera House, however, can't move; and so (what logic in that "so"!) it will be torn down.

What crosses one's mind at such a moment flows from the deepest spring of being. Those who wreck historic things wreck more than the monuments of history; they wreck our reverence. There is one place in this country where Lotte Lehman made her victorious debut; that is the place that will be torn down. There is one place here where Josef Hofmann, then a mere lad in a sailor suit, flabbergasted the musical cognoscenti at his debut; it will be wrecked. The Coliseum is 2,000 years old, Mont-St.-Michel 1,000, Macchu Pichu 500, Blenheim Palace 250, Mount Vernon 200, the Met 80. Tear down the Met: it is old.

Wood, fabric, metal, and memories—and the greatest of these is memory. Memory combines what is here with what is not here. It is transcendent, and therefore the bane of materialists. Wood, fabric, metal can be torn down. Memories persist. The memory sees wood and thinks of the step and presence and



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voice of Amelita Galli-Curci. These curtains hold the echo of Caruso. The metal in the roof kept the rain, if you please, from the bony head of *the* Mrs. Astor. On the occasion of his fiftieth year before the American public Josef Hofmann played here again —memorably. If there is a spiritual dimension in life, then there is value in holding onto the things that have grown ancient and soaked in tradition. They are "aids to reflection." Sitting in the glass cages uptown, who will think of Chaliapin singing in the rubble of 39th Street? Whatever is upstart and brash, whatever is hollow and unseasoned, whatever is antiseptic and adrift, may claim the day. Old, slightly frayed, greatly burdened with the mark of the gigantic musicians of yore, tired and used and enjoyed, swarming with the artifacts and memorabilia of a glorious epoch, tied to the best-loved whose names marched across the golden proscenium arch, the Metropolitan Opera House has lost the battle against the forces of destruction and recklessness.

It has always appeared to us that the U.S. could greatly improve its campaign to entice foreign tourists to these shores if we used some such slogan as "Come see America before we wreck it." Or we could bomb Europe until there's nothing left standing over there that predates Elvis Presley. (Remember him?)

The Conservative Party of New York offered some volunteers to join in a last-minute effort to save the Metropolitan Opera House. As of the time this issue went to press there was some question whether the few millions could be raised that would be needed to buy off the vandals. At the same time the newspapers were reporting that work was going ahead on a $2-million "permanent" monument in Arlington National Cemetery to mark the final resting place of John F. Kennedy.

## *Evelyn Waugh, RIP*

I once encountered a very angry lady in Dallas, Texas, who announced herself as head of a vigilance committee to keep dirty books out of the local libraries, and we talked a bit. I forget just how the conversation moved, but at one point I said that to pull out all the salacious passages from modern literature would require the end of individual reading. All of us would have to have private readers, like the old eccentric who forced his prisoner to read to him the works of Charles Dickens in the novel by Evelyn Waugh. Who, asked the lady book-critic, is Evelyn Waugh? The greatest English novelist of this century, I ventured; but on ascertaining that he was not a dirty writer, she lost all interest, and went off to look for more dirty books to rail against.

I wrote Waugh and told him about the episode. My letter did not include any reference to any business matter, so I knew he would not reply to it; but I knew the little story would appeal to his sense of satire, so strongly developed as to make him, in the judgment of the critic Edmund Wilson, the "only first-rate comic genius the English have produced since George Bernard Shaw." (Waugh's reply, several years later to an interviewer who asked what was *his* opinion of Edmund Wilson: "Is he American?" End comment.) But Waugh was much more than that, though millions of his readers who read only *Handful of Dust,* and *Scoop,* and *The Loved One,* did not know about the other dimensions; did not know that Evelyn Waugh the great satirist was a conservative, a traditionalist, a passionately convinced and convincing Christian, a master stylist routinely acknowledged, during the last decade, as the most finished writer of English prose.

He died at 62 having completed only one volume of a long autobiography. In it he recorded, dispassionately, the impressions of his early years; something of the lives of his ancestors, many of them eccentric; and of the chaos of his undergraduate career at Oxford, from which he was duly expelled, as so many interesting Englishmen are expected to be. He decided, in his mid-twenties, that the thing to do was to commit suicide, and he describes, as he would in a novel, his own venture in this dramatic activity—the verse from Euripides about water washing away the stains of the earth, neatly exposed where it could not be missed by grieving relatives and meticulous coroners; wading out into the ocean, thinking diapasonal thoughts; then running into a school of jellyfish, and racing back to the beach, putting on his clothes, tearing up Euripides, and resuming his career, for which we thank God's little jellyfish.

He was an impossible man, in many respects. At least as far as the public was concerned. Like J. D. Salinger and James Gould Cozzens, he simply refused to join the world of flackery and televised literature. On one occasion when he did consent to grant an interview to a young correspondent from the *Paris Review,* because he was related to an old friend, Waugh thoroughly disconcerted the interviewer by arriving at his hotel suite, taking off his clothes, getting into bed, lighting a huge cigar, breaking open a bottle of champagne, and then uttering: "Proceed."

Rather than live a public life, he situated himself in a large old house in the country, surrounding himself with a moat that was proof against all but his closest friends, and the vicar. The piranhas made a specialty of devouring all first-class mail asking for interviews, comments, suggestions, whatever. I confess to having successfully swum across that moat, after several fruitless assaults. I discovered that the squire felt an obligation to reply to all letters concerning questions of commerce; so that if you wanted a comment or two on a matter of literature or philosophy or politics, you could hope to get it by drop-



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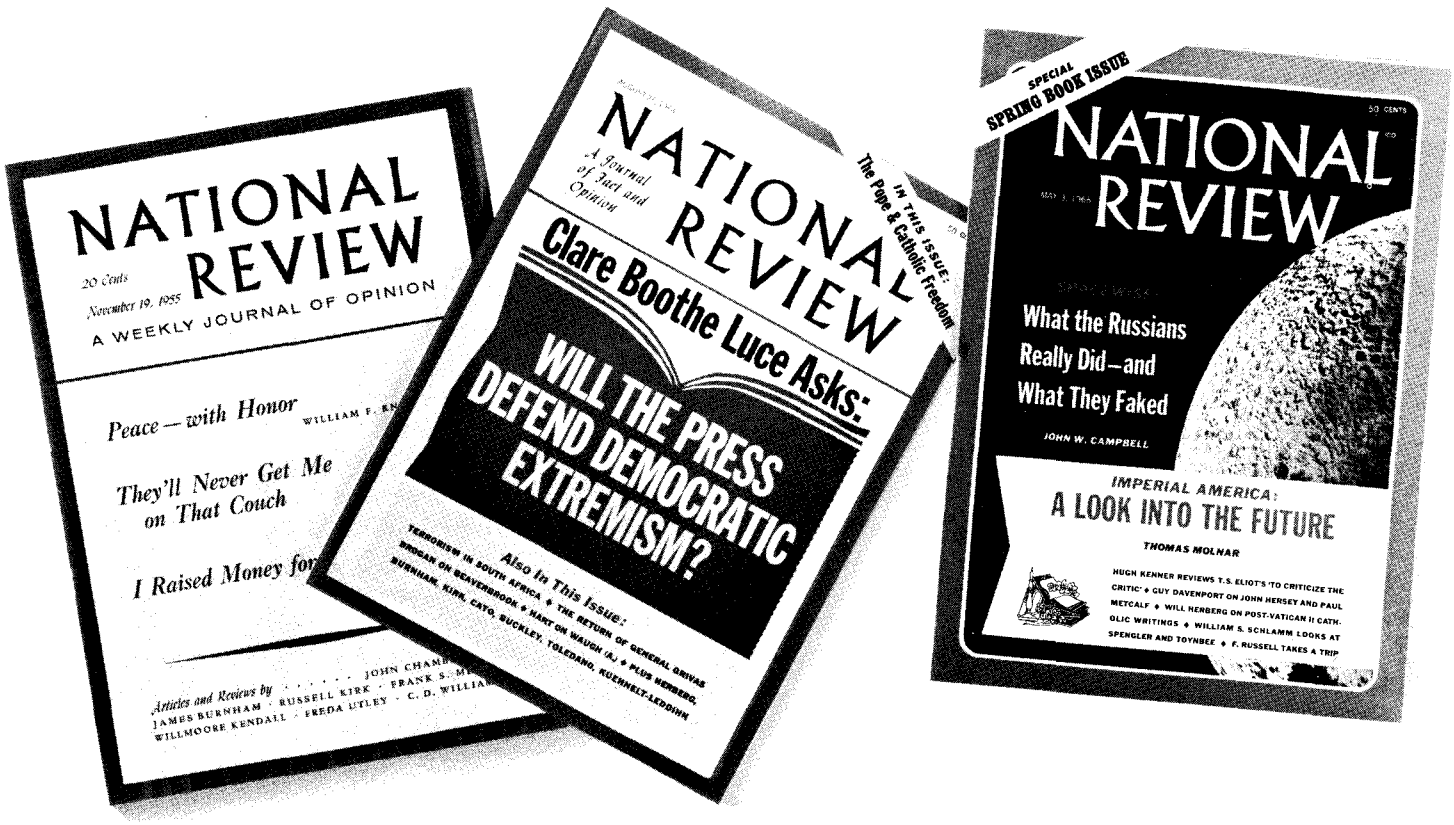


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Yes, National Review has come a long way in the first 10 years!

The first issue came out in late November, 1955, with a lead article by Senator William F. Knowland (warning against the "Spirit of Geneva" — remember that?). The first paragraph welcomed General Eisenhower back from his first serious sickness (Ike left Denver hospital the day NR came off the press). And the Publisher's statement included the following:

> "A vigorous and incorruptible journal of conservative opinion is — dare we say it? — as necessary to better living as Chemistry."

NR has dared to say quite a few things along the way. It earned the reputation of not being afraid to handle the hot ones (remember "The Strange Case of Dr. Dooley," "The Terrible Ordeal of Adam Clayton Powell," and the Paul Hughes affair? You read them first — and only — in NR).

Nowadays, NR is about twice the size of the early issues. It carries more articles, more features and more departments, not to mention being more colorful (the original NR was, ah, black and blue — that is to say, black type with a Yale blue border).

Take, for instance, our newest addition: the food and travel section, handled by such experts (in gracious living **and** writing) as Nika Standen Hazelton and Alec Waugh, has received a most enthusiastic reception from our readers. And Richard M. Hodgens' Movie column prompted one reader to comment: "My heartfelt thanks to Mr. Hodgens; he has given us what is almost impossible to find elsewhere — **accurate** movie reviews!"

We could go on and on (and we **intend** to!), but the point is NR is **good reading.** Blowing our own horn? Yes, but the secret behind NR's phenomenal growth is this: so many of our readers agree — bless 'em — that they have gone out of their way to recommend us to their friends. That's not only high praise, that's the best salesmanship any magazine could ask for.

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ping into your letter a trivial question relating to business.

But he was a man of charity, personal generosity, and, above all, of understanding. He knew people, he knew his century, and, having come to know it, he had faith only in the will of God, and in individual man's latent capacity to strive towards it. He acknowledged the need to live in this century, because the jellyfish will not have it otherwise; but never, ever, to acclimate yourself to it. Mr. Scott-King, the classics teacher, after his tour through Evelyn Waugh's *Modern Europe,* comes back to school, and there the headmaster suggests that he teach some popular subject, in addition to the classics—economic history, perhaps, for the classics are not popular. "I'm a Greats man myself," the headmaster says. "I deplore it as much as you do. But what can we do? Parents are not interested in producing the 'complete man' anymore. They want to qualify their boys for jobs in the public world. You can hardly blame them can you?" "Oh yes," Scott-King replies, "I can and do." And, deaf to the headmaster's entreaties, he declares, shyly but firmly, "I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world." Waugh got the best of the modern world, but paid a high price for it: he gave it his genius.

—WFB Jr.

## *Felix von Luckner, RIP*

When I heard about the death of my old friend Count Felix von Luckner, the "Sea Devil" of World War One, I thought of a line from a song I had just heard —sung by musical comedy star Pat Moran: "If you make someone else happy then you will be happy too." In all my years of roaming the world meeting people, I never knew of anyone of whom this was so true. Wherever Count Luckner went, everybody smiled—and how they laughed! By Joe, what a man!

I wonder if the world ever again will see anyone to compare with the Sea Devil? I could go on and on in this vein, and I did just that, in two books.

The first time my wife and I saw him was on an airfield, at Leipzig. This huge, hulking man emerged from a fairly small cabin plane, and a slender young blonde then jumped down into his arms. You could hear his voice booming across the field. He spoke to everybody—mechanics, porters, anyone he passed. When we asked about him the reply was: "Why, that's *der See Teufel.*"

You may recall how the New Zealanders captured him. That was after he had run the Allied North Sea blockade with his sailing ship *See Adler.* He had sunk many ships, without taking any lives. Then in the South Seas a tidal wave piled his raider on the reef of a coral atoll, the island of Mopilia, one of the Cook Group.

It was after a Captain Bligh-type journey of several thousand miles in a longboat that he was captured at Fiji. Later he escaped from prison at Auckland, was recaptured, and the New Zealanders nicknamed him "the Sea Devil."

When my wife and I first encountered him in 1926, the spirits of the German people were at an all-time low. But this rollicking, deep gravelly-voiced man who had sailed for years before the mast, here he was going up and down Germany arousing the spirits of the young people by telling them the world had not come to an end, and that it was up to the younger generation to build a new nation.

Another memory:—When he and the Countess came to live with us for some months, in the hills of Dutchess County, New York, he had never driven an automobile. So, I loaned him a Chevy to practice with. Sometimes he would go into a ditch, but so strong was the Sea Devil that he would get out and gaily lift it back on the road.

Twenty of us accompanied one of our friends and his bride on their honeymoon aboard von Luckner's postwar four-masted sailing ship, *Mopilia,* named for the coral atoll in the South Seas. One stop on that most unusual honeymoon was at the island of San Salvador where Columbus made his first landfall. The only inhabitant we found was a Dominican priest who was unhappy because he said the people of Chicago had put up a large statue of Columbus, on the wrong side of the island. So, we organized a midnight expedition, and in longboats with chains and crowbars, around we went to rescue Columbus, and please the Dominican priest. I can still hear von Luckner's booming laughter when we discovered that Columbus was too much for us. We couldn't even pull him off his pedestal.

One more memory—at the end of the war, when I was with General Terry Allen and the Timberwolf Division, we found the von Luckners at Halle, in Saxony, his old home town. The Sea Devil went out alone to meet the advancing American Army, and thanks to Terry Allen he saved the city from destruction. A few days later we put the Count in touch with General George Patton who immediately took a fancy to the Sea Devil and his Swedish lady, and kept the von Luckners from falling into the hands of the Russians. As he said about his host, the American general, "By Joe! What a man!"

Wish I could go on and on about this fabulous World War One hero who raided the seas and never took a life. How in World War Two, Hitler, who had burned his book on America, and even burned his sailing ship, the *Mopilia,* kept von Luckner under guard. But, evidently because of his immense popularity, Hitler was afraid to put him in a concentration



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camp. American correspondents used to see him with his guards at the bar of the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, where he would drink them under the table and then go home alone. By Joe, what a man!

LOWELL THOMAS

## Notes and Asides

"Firing Line, with William Buckley," a NATIONAL REVIEW weekly television program, commenced broadcasting April 9. The format is an hour-long informal debate between Mr. Buckley and a guest, with studio audience participation. Already taped are confrontations with Norman Thomas, Steve Allen, Bishop James Pike, James Farmer and Michael Harrington. The program is syndicated nationally by RKO General, Inc., and has local sponsors, who have made it available to the following cities so far: New York (WOR), Los Angeles (KHS), Chicago (WFLD), Boston (WNAC), Detroit (CKLW), and Indianapolis (WTTV). No word as yet from Austin.

## *Linus Pauling—TKO*

On Tuesday, April 19, Judge Samuel Silverman of the Supreme Court of New York handed down a ruling of considerable interest, tactical and strategic, for all persons involved in public controversy. What the judge did specifically was dismiss a lawsuit by Dr. Linus C. Pauling against NATIONAL REVIEW, its publisher William Rusher, and its editor William Buckley. In doing so, Judge Silverman extended a landmark decision of the Supreme Court handed down in 1964, which held that a public official may not sue a critic for libel unless he can prove what the lawyers call "actual malice," which is to say, a "reckless disregard for the truth."

Ever since the 1964 decision of the Supreme Court (*New York Times* v. *Sullivan*), legal theorists have predicted that it was only a matter of time before the courts would rule that the reasoning of the Supreme Court concerning public officials would be held to apply to public figures also, irrespective of whether they actually held public office. The said Sullivan of the original decision was, after all, a relatively obscure public official, a police commissioner in Montgomery, Alabama. If he should be constrained from suing his critics unless he could prove actual malice, why so should (the reasoning goes) someone like, say, Norman Thomas. Mr. Thomas, while not a public official, is certainly a public figure who, to use the language of a subsequent decision of the Supreme Court, has "thrown himself into the vortex of the discussion of a question of pressing public concern."

Judge Silverman (see below) ruled 1) that Linus Pauling is a public figure—hardly a controversial ruling; and 2) that at the close of the plaintiff's case, Pauling and his lawyer had not established that the defendants had made their charges "in reckless disregard of the truth." The judge did not undertake to decide what was, and what wasn't, the truth as regards Dr. Pauling: merely that Pauling, after six long weeks, had not succeeded in making even a prima facie case to the effect that the defendants had acted recklessly.

NATIONAL REVIEW, in editorials published in 1962, had labeled Pauling a "collaborator with the Soviet Union," a "megaphone of Soviet policy," "one of the nation's leading fellow travelers" who had "given aid and comfort to the enemies of this country," by lending "his name, energy, voice and pen to one after another Soviet-serving-enterprise," and who had tried to intimidate the press by repeated lawsuits. The result of the judge's decision is to leave the individual free or not free to believe these charges, free or not free to agree with the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW and with the senators, Republican and Democratic, of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the United States Senate who reached similar conclusions about Pauling in their report on Dr. Pauling issued in 1961. But it leaves those citizens who do believe these charges to be true, free to state them —because to do so is not in reckless disregard of the truth. On the contrary, there are those who believe that these conclusions are in ruthless conformity with the known facts—that any other conclusion would indeed be reckless.

The tactical victory, then, is for those who believe that there is such a thing as a Communist fellow traveler, and that provided one has carefully examined and responsibly evaluated the known facts involving a public figure, one may make such facts and evaluations known, and remain protected from such harassing suits as Dr. Pauling has brought or threatened in the past few years against a half dozen newspapers and individuals.

The strategic importance of the decision is to encourage what the Supreme Court has labeled "uninhibited, robust, and wide-open" discussion—free of the harassment of censorious litigators who screech their opinions at the top of their lungs, waving a legal machine gun in their right hand. It is important to note that libel laws remain on the books and should remain on the books. It is as grave an offense today as it was before April 19 recklessly to charge a public figure with complicity with Communist causes. But if the record, conscientiously and rationally examined, tends to that conclusion, one can feel free to affirm it without surrounding oneself with lawyers and spending half the rest of one's life in court.



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# National Review Vindicated

## I. Introduction

*The trial had gone on for six exhausting weeks, and the plaintiff had finally terminated his presentation. The defense was now prepared to have its day in court. Prepared to present the testimony of the editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW*; the testimony of the author of the editorial which was the original basis of Dr. Pauling's lawsuit, Mr. James Burnham; and the testimony of a half dozen other witnesses who would show a) that Dr. Pauling's reputation was that of a fellow traveler well before NR so labeled him; b) that NR bore no personal malice against Linus Pauling; and c) that reasonable men, surveying Pauling's record, would precisely come to the same conclusion that* NATIONAL REVIEW *arrived at.*

*But the judge was stirring.* NATIONAL REVIEW'S *lawyer, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, entered a motion to dismiss the case on the grounds that the plaintiff simply hadn't made a case against* NATIONAL REVIEW. *Particularly, Mr. Williams stressed, Pauling and his lawyer had failed to establish that* NATIONAL REVIEW *had acted in "reckless disregard of the truth." That being the case, argued Mr. Williams,* NATIONAL REVIEW *was protected by the logical extension of the* Sullivan *v.* New York Times *decision of the Supreme Court from any libel suit at all brought by Dr. Pauling, a public figure.*

*Judge Samuel Silverman, a political Liberal who had presided over the trial with exemplary fairness and patience, listened to Mr. Williams' arguments and to the opposing arguments of Dr. Pauling's attorney, and reserved decision until after the jury's verdict, which meant that, on Monday, the trial would continue with the opening of* NATIONAL REVIEW'S *defense. Unexpectedly, on Monday morning, the judge announced that he would like to hear further arguments on the motion to dismiss. This he did until three in the afternoon, whereupon he announced that he would deliver an opinion at two on the following afternoon.*

*The court assembled, the gallery crowded with reporters, Dr. Pauling and his wife seated together, and the judge began to read:*

## II. The Court's Opinion

SUPREME COURT: NEW YORK COUNTY
SPECIAL AND TRIAL TERM: PART VIII

..... X

LINUS C. PAULING,

PLAINTIFF,

—AGAINST—

NATIONAL REVIEW, INC., WILLIAM A. RUSHER, AND WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.,

DEFENDANTS.

..... X

SILVERMAN, J.:

This is a motion to dismiss the complaint at the close of the plaintiff's case in the trial of an action for libel . . .

There are two causes of action based on two articles, one in the NATIONAL REVIEW of July 17, 1962 and one in the issue of September 25, 1962.

The first article says, among other things:

*The Collaborators*
What are we going to do about those of our fellow citizens who persist in a course of collaboration with the enemy who has sworn to bury us?

* * *

Take . . . Professor Linus Pauling of the California Institute of Technology, once more acting as megaphone for Soviet policy by touting the World Peace Conference that the Communists have called for this summer in Moscow, just as year after year since time immemorial he has given his name, energy, voice and pen to one after another Soviet-serving enterprise. Or . . . Or . . . who a couple of months ago, along with Linus Pauling and a dozen others, attached their signatures to one more in a decades-long series of Communist-aiding fronts: this time, an Open Letter not only calling for the liquidation of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem but condemning the presence of American personnel in that country as imperialist aggression (hence, by implication, more than justifying the Vietcong for killing Americans).

Are such persons Communists? Some such undoubtedly are, but there is not publicly at hand the full proof, of the kind demanded by the courts, that they are Communists in the total, deliberate, disciplined organizational sense. But whether they are Communists or not in the legal sense, the objective fact is that these persons we have named, and many others like them, have given aid and comfort to the enemies of this country. They have done so not once or twice, by what might have been a special impulse, quirk or personal attachment, but time and again, over a period of years and decades; and some of these acts are saved from falling under the constitutional definition of treason only by the historical chance that our government has not yet decided to give direct legal recognition to the fact that our present enemies are our enemies, and that we are at war.

So we repeat: what are we going to do about these people? If it is proper that for the time being they should be immune from legal sanction, does it also follow that they should continue to receive public respect, honor and rewards?

* * *

This soft and complacent public attitude toward the collaborators amounts, at bottom, to a general collusion in the sabotage of the nation's will, and in the moral nihilism that their actions express. If our standards have so far dissolved that there is no longer *anyone* on whom we will turn our backs, then we as a people are ready for suicide.

The second article sued on reads, in part, as follows:

*Are You Being Sued*
*By Linus Pauling?*
We are (or so his lawyer tells us). And so are other well-behaved papers and people throughout the country.

* * *

Dr. Pauling is chasing after all kinds of people, even the formidable Sam Newhouse, owner of twenty-odd



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# Linus Pauling Case Thrown Out

daily newspapers. His victory signal is the check or two he has wrested from publishers—who may indeed have libeled him, in which case they should pay up; but who may simply have been too pusillanimous to fight back against what some will view as brazen attempts at intimidation of the free press by one of the nation's leading fellow travelers.

Approximately a year and a half after this suit was instituted, the United States Supreme Court in *New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* 376 U. S. 254 (1964) enunciated a new doctrine in the law of libel, as affected by the First Amendment. And the critical question on the present motion is whether that doctrine should be extended to apply to the present case, and, if so, whether plaintiff has proved a prima facie case under that doctrine.

In *New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* supra, the Supreme Court held that:

> The constitutional guarantees [of the First and Fourteenth Amendments] require, we think, a federal rule that prohibits a public official from recovering damages for a defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct unless he proves that the statement was made with "actual malice"—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not. (376 U. S. at p. 279.)

Plaintiff is not a public official, and so the first question is whether *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* has an applicability to his case at all. The Supreme Court has certainly not excluded that possibility. In the *New York Times* case it said (376 U.S. at 283,Fn.23):

> We have *no occasion here to* determine how far down into the lower ranks of government employees the "public official" designation would extend for purposes of this rule, *or otherwise to specify categories of persons who would or would not be included* (Italics added).

In its last pronouncement on the point, the Supreme Court said:

> We are treating here only the element of public position, since that is all that has been argued and briefed. We intimate no view whatever whether there are other bases for applying the *New York Times* standards—for example, that in a particular case the interests in reputation are relatively insubstantial, because the subject of discussion has thrust himself into the vortex of the discussion of a question of pressing public concern. *Cf. Salinger* v. *Cowles,* 195 Iowa 873, 889, 191 N. W. 167, 173-174 (1922); *Peck* v. *Coos Bay Times Publishing Co.,* 122 Ore. 408, 420-421, 259 P. 307, 311-312 (1927); *Coleman* v. *MacLennan,* 78 Kan. 711, 723-724, 98 P. 281, 285-286 (1908); *Pauling* v. *News Syndicate Co.,* 335 F. 2d 659, 671 (C. A. 2d Cir. 1965). *Rosenblatt* v. *Baer,* decided February 21, 1966, Fn. 12 to Opinion of Brennan, J., 86 S. Ct. 669, 676.

The underlying policy adopted by the Supreme Court in the *New York Times* case would seem to favor extending the doctrine of that case at least to a private person who "has thrust himself into the vortex of the discussion of a question of pressing public concern."

In *Rosenblatt* v. *Baer* (supra), Mr. Justice Brennan, speaking for the court, said:

> The motivating force for the decision in *New York Times* was twofold. We expressed "a profound national commitment to the principle that debate on public issues should be uninhibited, robust, and wide-open *and* that [such debate] may well include vehement, caustic, and sometimes unpleasantly sharp attacks on government and public officials." 376 U. S., at 270. (Emphasis supplied.) There is, first, a strong interest in debate on public issues, and, second, a strong interest in debate about those persons who are in a position significantly to influence the resolution of those issues.
>
> * * *
>
> Society has a pervasive and strong interest in preventing and redressing attacks upon reputation. But in cases like the present, there is tension between this interest and the values nurtured by the First and Fourteenth Amendments. The thrust of *New York Times* is that when interests in public discussion are particularly strong, as they were in that case, the Constitution limits the protections afforded by the law of defamation. . . .

In determining the relative importance and protection to be given to the interest in public discussion, on the one hand, and the safeguarding of individual reputation on the other, the Supreme Court, in the *New York Times* case, has shifted the balance sharply in favor of the freedom of public discussion. Logically, of course, limitations on the law of libel as a protection of public persons may discourage private persons (viewed as possible libel plaintiffs) from speaking out on issues when to do so may expose them to attacks on their own reputation. But, conversely, viewing these speakers as possible defendants in libel suits, such limitations may encourage them to speak out. And the Supreme Court apparently believes that the latter consideration outweighs the former. In *New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* 376 U. S. at 271, the Court quoted with approval the following from *Cantwell* v. *Connecticut,* 310 U.S. 296, 310:

> In the realm of religious faith, and in that of political belief, sharp differences arise. In both fields the tenets of one man may seem the rankest error to his neighbor. To persuade others to his own point of view, the pleader, as we know, at times, resorts to exaggeration, to vilification of men who have been, or are, prominent in church or state, and even to false statement. But the people of this nation have ordained in the light of history, that, in spite of the probability of excesses and abuses, these liberties are, in the long view, essential to enlightened opinion and right conduct on the part of the citizens of a democracy.

In *Gilberg* v. *Goff,* 21 A D 2nd 517, 527 (1964), affirmed 15 N Y 2d 1023 (1965), the Appellate Division, Second Department, applying *New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* said:

> Within the periphery of the new body of case law, we hold, on a balancing of interests, that democratic government is best served when citizens, and especially public officials and those who aspire to public office, may freely speak out on questions of public concern, even if thereby some individual be wrongly calumniated . . .

The Supreme Court, in the *New*



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*York Times* case, quoted *Beauharnais* v. *Illinois,* 343 U. S. 250, 263, that "public men, are, as it were, public property" (376 U. S. 268).

Again, referring to the risk of successive libel judgments against a newspaper, the Court said, at 376 U. S. 278:

> Whether or not a newspaper can survive a succession of such judgments, the pall of fear and timidity imposed upon those who would give voice to public criticism is an atmosphere in which the First Amendment freedoms cannot survive.

These considerations, stated by the Court with reference to public officials, would seem to be equally applicable to a private person who publicly, prominently, actively, and as a leader, thrusts himself (however properly) into a public discussion of public and exceedingly controversial questions.

Finally, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit has indicated very strongly its view that Dr. Pauling is a person to whom the rule of *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* should apply. In *Pauling* v. *News Syndicate Company,* 335 F. 2d 59, 671 (C. A. 2, 1964), the Court said, with reference to the doctrine of the *New York Times* case:

> Although the public official is the strongest case for the constitutional compulsion of such a privilege, it is questionable whether in principle the decision can be so limited. A candidate for public office would seem an inevitable candidate for extension; . . . Once that extension was made, the participant in public debate on an issue of grave public concern would be next in line; thus, as applied to the case in hand, if a newspaper could not be held for printing Dr. Pauling's charges that a member of the Atomic Energy Commission had "made dishonest, untrue and misleading statements to mislead the American people" and that a United States Senator is "the greatest enemy . . . the United States has," as the *New York Times* case decided, one may wonder whether there would be sound basis for forcing it to risk a jury's determination that it was only engaging in fair criticism rather than misstating facts if it printed, falsely but without malice, that in saying all this Dr. Pauling was following the Communist line.

It is clear that if any private citizen has, by his conduct, made himself a public figure engaged voluntarily in public discussion of matters of grave concern and controversy, Dr. Pauling has done so.

Finally, the criticisms made of him in the alleged libelous articles are not criticisms of his private life; they are criticisms of his public conduct and of the motives for that public conduct. This applies even to the intimation in the second article that by his libel suits he is attempting to intimidate the press; for the freedom of public discussion is itself a public issue and one that is properly a subject of public discussion.

Accordingly, I hold that, in order for Dr. Pauling to recover, it would be necessary for him to meet the standards of *New York Times* v. *Sullivan.*

The basic principle of *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* is that, in the cases to which it applies, there can be no recovery for even a defamatory falsehood unless the plaintiff proves that the statement was made "with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." (376 U.S. at 280.)

This kind of "actual malice" "is not presumed but is a matter for proof by the plaintiff" (376 U. S. at 284; and see 376 U. S. at 279, quoted supra).

In the case at bar, there is no real evidence that defendants knew that the statements they made were false. As the Court there said, "the state of mind required for actual malice would have to be brought home to the persons in the *Times*' organization having responsibility for the publication" of the alleged libel (*New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* 376 U. S. at 287).

Plaintiff argues that he has shown "reckless disregard" by the defendants of whether the article "was false or not." But all the plaintiff's evidence on this phase of the case amounts to, giving it the most favorable inferences, is that defendants relied on unreliable sources, and that if they had checked in a reasonable manner, they would have ascertained that their statements were false. Assuming these facts to be true, that is still not a showing of "reckless disregard of whether it was false or not" in the *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* sense. As the Supreme Court pointed out in *Garrison* v. *Louisiana,* 379 U. S. 64, 79 (1964):

> The reasonable-belief standard . . . is not the same as the reckless-disregard-of-truth standard. . . . The test which we laid down in *New York Times* is not keyed to ordinary care; defeasance of the privilege is conditioned, not on mere negligence, but on reckless disregard for the truth.

Reckless disregard of whether a statement is false or not, in the *New York Times* sense, is to be contrasted with the "utterances honestly believed" (*Garrison* v. *Louisiana,* 379 U. S. at 73) which are to be protected. Such reckless disregard must be the equivalent of the "calculated falsehood" (*ibid.* at 75), which is not protected.

The evidence presented by plaintiff does not meet this standard.

In this aspect of the case, perhaps the most vulnerable passage in the libelous articles is this:

> Are such persons Communists? Some such undoubtedly are, but there is not publicly at hand the full proof,

### *Statement to the Press by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Regarding the Linus Pauling Case April 19, 1966*

The decision of the Court vindicates NATIONAL REVIEW and, more important, the freedom responsibly to criticize, and to name as such, American fellow travelers. The ruling is to the effect that NATIONAL REVIEW's statement that Dr. Linus Pauling has served as a megaphone of Soviet policy, and is one of the nation's leading fellow-travelers, was not said in reckless disregard of the truth and that therefore the authors of these statements are not accountable in libel actions initiated by Dr. Pauling. I am confident that the higher courts will sustain Judge Silverman's interpretation of the landmark decision of the Supreme Court in *New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* and that Dr. Pauling's attempts to intimidate his critics will come to an end.



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> of the kind demanded by the courts, that they are Communists in the total, deliberate, disciplined organizational sense.

Assuming that this could be read as referring to plaintiff, it could be argued that this is a charge that plaintiff is a Communist, with an admission that the writer has no evidence of it; and therefore that the charge is made with reckless disregard of whether it is false or not.

But of course the admission in the article that there is no legal evidence to support the charge—assuming it to apply to plaintiff—itself limits the charge. To hold that this statement is not protected under *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* would risk the very evils that the Supreme Court gave as a ground for rejecting a rule that defendants be required to prove truth:

> Under such a rule, would-be critics of official conduct may be deterred from voicing their criticism, even though it is believed to be true and even though it is in fact true, because of doubt whether it can be proved in court or fear of the expense of having to do so. They tend to make only statements which "steer far wider of the unlawful zone". . . . The rule thus dampens the vigor and limits the variety of public debate. It is inconsistent with the First and Fourteenth Amendments. *N. Y. Times* v. *Sullivan*, 376 U. S. at 279.

Neither knowledge of falsity nor reckless disregard of whether the statements were false or not has been shown with the "convincing clarity which the constitutional standard demands," and thus a judgment based on such evidence would not be permitted to stand (*New York Times* v. *Sullivan*, 376 U. S. at 285-286), and it is for the Judge in the first instance to decide whether that standard has been met (*Ibid.*, and compare *Rosenblatt* v. *Baer*, Feb. 21, 1966, slip opinion, page 12).

The record of this trial is extremely voluminous. So I should make clear that on the basis of pre-*N.Y. Times* v. *Sullivan* law, plaintiff would have proved a prima facie case. The articles on their face are libelous, i.e., defamatory if untrue; the defense of truth, fair comment without malice, etc., to the extent thus far gone into, all present questions of fact for the jury. Publication of the article by the corporate defendant, with the active participation and approval of the individual defendant editor, are conceded. While the participation by the individual defendant-publisher, Mr. Rusher, is perhaps marginal, enough has been shown of his participation to present a question for the jury as to his responsibility. The suggestion that damage has been conclusively disproved by plaintiff's own reputation witnesses is unfounded; to begin with, that issue was not fully explored with those witnesses and properly so under *Linehan* v. *Nelson*, 197 N. Y. 482; and in any event the testimony of the reputation witnesses was limited to plaintiff's reputation in the academic and scientific communities and was not conclusive.

But, applying *New York Times* v. *Sullivan*, I hold that plaintiff has failed to prove a prima facie case, and the complaint must be dismissed.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, I do not hold that the charges against Dr. Pauling, made in the articles, are true or justified. It is clear that in all his actions Dr. Pauling acted well within his legal rights. And if his conscience required him to take the actions and pursue the course of conduct that he has pursued for the last twenty years, then he has acted in accordance with his moral duty. Accepting plaintiff's testimony, presumably his work for public education and world peace has imposed certain sacrifices on Dr. Pauling. Dr. Pauling has added the prestige of his reputation to aid the causes in which he believes. I merely hold that by so doing he also limited his legal remedies for any claimed libel of his reputation. And perhaps this can be deemed another sacrifice that he is making for the things he believes in.

The motion to dismiss the complaint is granted.

Dated, April 19, 1966.

J. S. C.

## *III. Obiter Dicta, by National Review*

A few points to bear in mind:

1. From the opinion of Judge Silverman: *"Perhaps this can be deemed another sacrifice that he is making for the things he believes in."*

a) It is not exactly clear what Dr. Pauling's other sacrifices are. He has received a Nobel Peace Prize for his pains and, upon his retirement from academic life, a well-paid sinecure at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara where, as Professor Sidney Hook has recently pointed out, a few scholars gather together to help to undermine America's anti-Communist efforts on tax-exempt dollars. b) It is a sacrifice to have to bear *unjust* criticisms, not exactly a sacrifice to have to endure *just* criticisms; yet elsewhere, the Judge specifically stated that he was not ruling on the question of whether the criticisms of Dr. Pauling were just or unjust. . . .

2. *"Lest there be any misunderstanding, I do not hold that the charges against Dr. Pauling are true or justified."* Such a determination is, generally, for a jury to make. Twice before, Dr. Pauling took his libel cases before a jury. Twice before, a jury ruled, by exonerating the defendants, that the charges against Dr. Pauling *were* justified.

3. *"It is clear,"* the Judge added, *"that in all his [political] actions Dr. Pauling acted well within his legal rights."* Nobody ever denied this. George Lincoln Rockwell presumably also acts within his legal rights. *"And if his conscience required him to take the actions and pursue the course of conduct that he has pursued for the last 20 years, then he has acted in accordance with his moral duty."* The Judge might have said as much about the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, thank you very much. And come to think of it, the last sentence would apply to anyone morally animated, even conceivably Jack the Ripper.

4. The net result of the Linus Pauling case is that NATIONAL REVIEW, though finally vindicated, was victimized by Linus Pauling's litigiousness. Whatever time and money he devoted to the case, he devoted voluntarily. We were involuntary victims of his efforts to intimidate his responsible critics. Thousands of hours of work, and tens of thousands of dollars were NATIONAL REVIEW'S sacrifice—precisely because Dr. Linus Pauling made it very costly for us to do our moral duty. We gladly offer that sacrifice in the cause of a responsible and vigorous defense of our free institutions against Communism and its fellow travelers.



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## The Third World War

# *The Conservation of Tension*

JAMES BURNHAM

Antibes

The other day, grown weary from a batch of articles on the intricacies of the NATO dispute, I picked up a science fiction novel, *Fifth Planet,* by the noted English astronomer Fred Hoyle and his son Geoffrey, that happened to be on an accessible shelf. I jumped restfully ahead a hundred years or so, but a couple of sentences on page 55 pulled me momentarily back to my NATO ruminations. "It is well known from psychological studies," the Hoyles commented in recounting the terrestrial response to a disturbing development on the fringes of the solar system, "that adjustments in human society take place in such a way as to maintain a state of constant tension. In plain terms, if for some reason current problems disappear then new ones must quickly be invented. Similarly, if troubles mount up, the new ones proceed to devalue the old ones." This fundamental law of the Conservation of Tension is presented as valid for every single level of human society from family to mankind.

*Burnham*

### *A Subjective Factor*

Let us add that "tension" is a subjective factor that may or may not correspond to something in the world external to the human organism. Tension exists if we *feel* tense, even if there is nothing in external reality to feel tense about: we can be just as tense over an earthquake or cancer imagined as over one that exists. Our response, to which we are stimulated by the tension-situation, is always *negative* in form (though its substance may comprise positive and creative elements): that is, we seek to negate, counteract or eliminate the factor, real or imagined, that we take to be the source of the tension.

To return to NATO: NATO, in particular the integrated NATO military command, was the response of the Atlantic nations to a tension-situation arising from what was taken to be "the Soviet threat." Prevailing opinion in Western Europe no longer believes in a serious or imminent Soviet threat. ("No one in Europe believes in the Soviet threat and . . . Europe's most distinguished 'hawk'—West Germany's Konrad Adenauer—has joined in saying that Russia has at last entered the ranks of the world's peace-loving nations," writes *Newsweek*'s Paris editor with only a small exaggeration.) *Therefore* NATO *must* disintegrate. It is not Charles de Gaulle who is wrecking NATO. De Gaulle is only reflecting a shift that has already taken place in the general equilibrium of tensions.

Prevailing opinion in Western Europe no longer believes in a serious Soviet threat—nor does *prevailing* opinion in the United States. If the U.S. Government seriously wished to "save" and revivify NATO, it would abandon "coexistence" up and down the line; it would move deliberately to provoke misunderstandings, disputes and "crises" with Moscow. But because it does nothing of the sort, because it does the opposite, it is condemned to flounder impotently in the NATO affair. De Gaulle knows this very well. If it were not so, indeed, de Gaulle would never have dared to take public leadership of the NATO-scuttlers.

For the Atlantic nations, de Gaulle performs the further essential function: he becomes the chosen cause of the now shifted tension-situation. *Now* "the threat" is de Gaulle; our wise men explain that our task is to remain patient and to hold things somehow together until the cause of our troubles is eliminated—happily, since this cause is so old, in a few years at most.

But, for the United States this Gaullist tension system is only a subsidiary replacement for the Soviet-oriented system. Now dominant, very obviously, is a China-oriented system, and the primary cause (as we define it) of our present political anxieties is the aggressive, revolutionary, expansionist Communist Chinese state. "In plain terms, if for some reason current problems disappear then new ones must quickly be invented. Similarly, if troubles mount up, the new ones proceed to devalue the old ones."

If the Law of the Conservation of Tension is true (the Hoyles assure us it can "be demonstrated by strict mathematics," and it is in any case instantly persuasive), then the goal of "relieving tensions" is illusory for nations as for families. Tensions can be reorganized and redirected but not got rid of; even if they could be (cf. *Fifth Planet,* p. 24), "a world without tension would be a world in decline."

### *Blind Man's Buff?*

Two thoughts suggest themselves. 1) There would seem to be an advantage to the society that managed to keep its internal tensions relevantly correlated with objective facts. Such correlation, however, is difficult, because it is as a rule much less satisfying for a society emotionally to adjust to objective fact than to an illusion manufactured to order by the tension-complex itself.

2) There would seem to be no reason why the Law of the Conservation of Tension should not be consciously exploited, for its own benefit, by one party to a competition—by one of the players in a game. It is at least conceivable, surely, for example, that Moscow might have put forward the concepts of "peaceful coexistence" and "the Sino-Soviet split" precisely in order to disconnect the Western tension-system from its link with "the Soviet threat," and to redirect its energies elsewhere, toward outlets that would be less bothersome to Moscow than the vigorous Cold War conditions of the decade or so that began in 1947. Of course, this could be the effect—indeed, has in truth been the effect—even if Moscow didn't intend it that way. But it's a game one could probably play better with open eyes than blindfold; and that goes, one could think, for all the players.



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# *Imperial America*

**America, like Rome, and just as reluctantly, has become an imperial power. Will the parallel hold and our Chief Executive become Imperial Caesar?**

THOMAS MOLNAR

In the eyes of most Americans the prospect that the United States may one day become a full-fledged Empire seems frightening. Whenever I point out the striking similarities between Rome and this country, my audience visibly winces and utters the noises we associate with polite disbelief. This in itself is significant since there has been perhaps no other nation in history that shrank from imperial prospects—except the Romans. Germans, Russians, Britons, French, even Italians used to seize the reality or at least the illusion of overseas glory and imperial destiny; they were proud when told that they were destined to conquer the world, rule races and waves, and preserve order in their own ultimate interest.

## *Smallness Equals Goodness?*

But Americans are rather embarrassed by such a future as if the imperial role could rob them of their good conscience. Indeed, *power,* which they positively love and eagerly seek, scares them because they associate it with *evil;* and they believe—Oh, how vainly!—that democracy as a method and a faith will save them from the temptation of gigantism, of power and pride.

This is also what the Romans believed. They thought there was a subtle, yet strong relationship between their meticulous concern for the law and the election system, and their republican virtues. Smallness was considered a guarantee against power, ambition and hubris, and each step away from smallness was made with extreme reluctance. At first, the threat of size was not apparent since the conquest of Italy was made in self-defense. The farmer-warriors were of course happy to round out their property and the patricians their estates. The splinter nations they found in their way seemed to yield almost willingly to superior law and the security of order.

The process reminds one of this nation's westward march to fill out the continent from shore to shore. Indians, French, British, and Mexicans had to pay the price, at times in blood, at other times in money. Yet, the whole territory became one nation without undue hardship, heterogeneous enough to preserve differences, but also sufficiently homogeneous to undertake great common adventures. America, like Rome, became not so much a nation as an ideal, and what both meant by it was a republican ideal.

The consensus was brought about not without pain, but a kind of pain that is pregnant with glory and does not tear the whole edifice asunder. The patricians yielded, in a series of steps which speak for Roman wisdom, to plebeians until the two classes finally merged, and made place for the successful third, the knights or businessmen. The new money aristocracy spawned the big land speculators, robber barons, shipbuilders, industrial entrepreneurs and provincial governors—until it was impossible to tell a bureaucrat from a business tycoon.

*Mutatis mutandis,* the New England patricians and the Southern plantation owners also yielded slowly, in a series of little revolutions—from Jackson to Roosevelt—to the urban populace: Irish, Italian, German, Jewish. The latter then joined the former, if not perhaps in status and social prestige, certainly in the skill of moneymaking and power manipulation. Both in Rome and in the United States a good number of aristocrats, old and new, went over to the side of the masses, motivated by a desire for social justice, personal political ambition, in the hope of warding off violence. The Gracchi and Kennedy brothers, Caesar and Roosevelt were made of the same political stuff.

When Rome, half unwilling, conquered Italy, it suddenly faced the Mediterranean east and west. The reluctance to build an empire was still genuine. Cato had to remind the Senators on every occasion that Carthage was a threat to survival, and that, when foreign involvements begin, they become irreversible. Our own war against Spain is an adequate parallel, and Cato's slogan, *"Carthago delenda est!"* echoes in our "manifest destiny." Next came (for the Romans) Spain, Syria, Greece; for Americans the First World War. It is of course a commonplace that what Greece used to be for Rome, Europe is for the U.S. The parallel is true even in detail: the inability of the city-states, later of the Leagues, to bury their differences; the similar refusal of European countries to unite, of the Common Market and the Free Trade Zone to merge. But there is more: the Roman legions had to fight the wars of the Greek *colons* in the eastern Mediterranean. Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, the empires carved out of Alexander's succession, had to be held down firmly. Thus at the beginning the Roman Empire was a continuation of the Macedonian's bold thrust into Asia and Africa, the lands of the colonized.

## *The New Romans*

Is it not clear that American diplomacy and its armed forces have become partly reluctant heirs to European conquests? Where GIs are now garrisoned, from Saigon to Léopoldville, French, British, Belgians and Dutch used to be stationed as conquerors, stabilizers, carriers of Western civilization and values. What the United States does in their place can no longer be called colonization, but it is, nonetheless, a new form of



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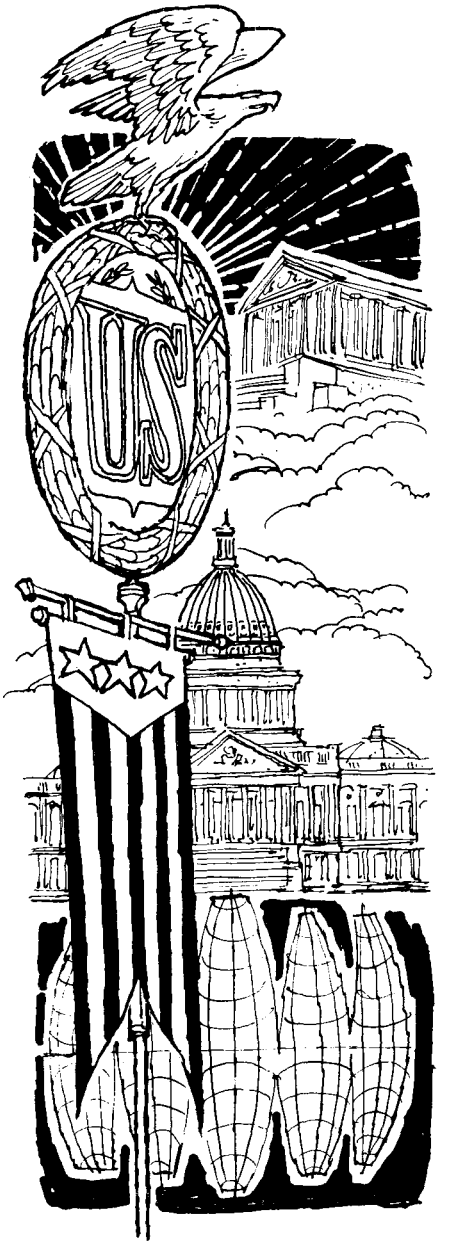
protective conquest under the (atomic) umbrella of the Pax Americana.

This very extension of American involvement, thrust upon Washington as Roman involvement was thrust upon the Senate, has tremendous domestic consequences. Colonization by Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries did not substantially affect populations and politics in the *métropoles;* business was carried on as usual, except that raw material became cheaper, economic competition with other countries was stepped up, and in time of war exotic soldiers with a different color of skin were also put in uniform to protect the mother country: the British Empire and the *Empire Français*. But Roman and American protective involvement affects these two nations very deeply and reverberates on their own existence. They both started out as small agrarian republics with austere civic virtues; the extraordinary extension in space and power overtaxed in less than a century the capabilities of Roman government: it was pulled apart by conflicting interests and rivalries; the lines of communications proved too long, the central authority too lax and divided. Thus Caesar emerged, a combination of popular dictator, powerful centralizer, trusted man of the army.

The U.S. was similarly unprepared for the role of world leadership. Both Rome and Washington were sincere in protesting that they sought no territorial aggrandizement or political influence. Roman conquests were due to superior organization of civilian administration and of the army; American conquests to superior technology in economic life and logistics. This superiority made both empires the valuable, in fact indispensable ally of weaker, threatened countries. Both became empires by having to protect new allies. Thus we should speak, at least in the case of the United States, not of colonies but of protectorates. The Romans too liked to assure their just-rescued allies that they would protect them. Economic exploitation came only later as land and tax revenues were farmed out among eager Roman applicants.

How did the Roman Empire emerge from the republican chaos of civil wars, personal rivalries, and the need for firm command of the army? Historians still debate this complex phenomenon, so why not turn to the present as it unravels before us and ask: How is imperial America coming into existence?

Twice before, the United States has had to protect allies and free navigation in the great water expanses of the Atlantic and the Pacific. (Pompey acquired his title, "the Great,"




by destroying the pirates.) At present a great Asian power threatens the freedom of the Indian (or Afro-Asian?) Ocean. Vigilance over oceans and sea-routes (and air-routes and space orbits) is the consequence of American power, and power creates opportunities for use. America, like Rome, believes that the decisive sea passages must be in its hands, or at least in those of friends: Panama Canal, Cape Horn and Cape of Good Hope, the South China Sea, Suez, Aden, Gibraltar. They and their hinterlands must be controlled by American forces, as the traveler, arriving at harbors and airports all over the world, can ascertain. From the Dominican Republic to Bangkok, from Libya to Iran, from Taiwan to Piraeus this is an incontrovertible and natural fact.

It may sound paradoxical, but the Roman and American examples show that with the extension of responsibilities and the complexification of interests there goes increasing centralization. The empire can only be held together from one power center because quick decisions, instantly available competence, and fast action are required. This does not mean that traditional institutions and practices vanish; they are, however, slowly emptied of power and significance. They become instruments of manipulation and rubber stamps. The Romans went on holding elections by *comitia curiata* and *centuriata* under the Caesars, and membership in the Senate carried great prestige almost to the end. Consuls took turns regularly, although one of them was obligatorily the Emperor himself. Caesar had his seat in the Senate but he attended less and less. Instead he sent messengers to let his decisions be known and get formal approval for his decrees. In due time the Senate, once an "assembly of kings," became the servile gathering of yes-men that Professor James MacGregor Burns would like Congress to become.

In a way, Professor Burns' desire is slowly being fulfilled. Senator Gordon Allott wrote a few years ago that his colleagues couldn't afford to have the competent and numerous staff members that thorough study or quick decisions require, and that the White House, having these facilities, often acted first and consulted them later. James Burnham's *Congress and the American Tradition* documents Allott's assertions. To the huge executive bureaucracy in Washington most congressmen are country bumpkins arriving in town dazzled and unprepared, and of course most of them never attain the expertise on many subjects which would lend weight to their opinions. Anyway, they are denounced by Burns and others as rep-



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resenting partial interests, as against the President who "represents the nation." A new and Caesarian notion in American politics and parlance.

Other books (for example Prof. Henry S. Kariel's *The Decline of American Pluralism*) document the sad fact that the private voluntary associations, once America's pride and admired by Tocqueville as vital to the preservation of democracy, are shadows of their former selves: they do not criticize public policy, let alone propose anything new, but merely reflect the decisions made from on high. Businessmen, the potentates among them, today are interchangeable with high-ranking government-bureaucrats, they switch back and forth between their public and (semi-) private functions.

What about Caesar himself? The Caesars and the new-type American Presidents have so many features in common that to describe their rise as parallel is not even adequate. They "happen" because the country is unmanageable by traditional methods, whatever they are. Domestic and external tensions grow: on the domestic scene the masses and their spokesmen must be satisfied, but the old framework obviously cannot accommodate their demands and new importance. Caesar is the charismatic figure who promises and partly delivers: he sets the mechanism into motion by creating new ways and institutions and by weakening and demoralizing the old ones.

Since the nascent empire is exuberant and expansionist, conflicts on the frontiers (and on the frontiers of allies) are inevitable. Caesar's first title was Imperator, commander-in-chief of the armed forces; it devolved upon him to protect the borders, to establish garrisons, secure allies, keep the military shipshape, switch the troops from Gaul to Egypt, from Germany to Vietnam. For his double role of efficient administrator and armed protector he is compensated by privileges. One kind of privileges is to offer Julius the crown, or Franklin D. Roosevelt four mandates. But there are others, and they grow naturally. The legislative mechanism is curbed since Caesars and Presidents need to keep popular discontent at a minimum and the demagogues quiet. Laws must be passed (like free distribution of Egyptian grain or anti-poverty funds) with only a semblance of debate, with congressional approval as a foregone conclusion. The President needs a large staff which duplicates, in fact, all functions of government, a multi-headed body of intimates, a brain-trust, that is brains that may be trusted because their political existence is tied to the President's person, not to his successor nor to the established institutions.

Harry Hopkins and Judge Rosenman or the Harvard professors have their models in the loyal freedmen at the court of Claudius, Nero or Hadrian. The Senate found in them their natural critics, if not enemies. They form a kind of second, parallel, or superimposed government, having the advantage of knowing the boss and his idiosyncrasies, of being in on his personal secrets, hesitations, inclinations. And, naturally, there are always some Senators who will agree to collaborate with the all-powerful Staff in return for favors.

The Empire is a political thing increasingly socialized within and imperialistic abroad. To put it otherwise: on the domestic scene it moves to the *left*, in foreign policy it keeps to the *right*, and seeks the alliance of conservative forces. Is this a contradiction?

Hardly. As indicated before, Caesar leans on popular, radical elements, makes concessions, keeps the balance among pressure groups and grabbing hands. But on one point he cannot yield to the domestic left: on military matters, since the second chief support of his office is armed protection of the nation. Thus evolves the Deal: popular demands are satisfied, the poor and the proletariat are cared for by free grain and circuses; but the military budget is also approved, the foreign bases and allies are well supplied, the foreign potentates are flattered and kept in power, the legions and divisions splendidly equipped. The price is ever-climbing budgets, higher taxes, and built-in inflation.

The end of the story? Caesar reaches for absolute power, and absolute power corrupts Caesar first, the public and its morality next. Priests or television screens divinize his Image. Eager, famished enemies appear at the gates. . .

We need not go further. Nor are all these things bound to happen. Americans contemplate the prospects of not being masters of their destiny with a healthy horror and a somewhat simple-minded optimism; after such an intellectual exercise I always tell my audience that it may not happen here at all.

***"I'm an atheist, too, but I'm afraid I'm not very devout about it."***



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# The "Say-It-Isn't-So!" Syndrome

**If the Russians *did* send Lunik around the moon and *did* walk in space, why did they fake the photographs of both? A noted sf writer theorizes why**

JOHN W. CAMPBELL

Apparently there are a great many people in the United States who are sure the Russians did not achieve a "soft landing" on the Moon. They're no doubt sure it was the British who did it; this is, for them, completely proven by the fact that it was the British at Jodrell Bank who released the first pictures taken by the machine on the surface of the moon. The fact that the British said it was a Russian machine means nothing to these people; they just *know* the Russians can't really achieve anything. And anything that can possibly be interpreted as meaning the Russians didn't really do it is grabbed with yearning eagerness as proof-positive of their dearly held belief in Russian incompetence.

## *Good Propagandists*

This "say-it-isn't so!" syndrome has the unfortunate and important effect of blinding Americans to the fact that the USSR is not only an extremely effective competitor at the level of diplomacy, propaganda, and like arts dependent on mental agility and the ability to make one statement have two very different meanings, but also at the level of solid, rigidly honest physical science.

The comments anent fooling some of the people some of the time, etc. do not apply in any degree whatsoever in the field of physical science; you can't fool any physical apparatus any of the time. Dr. Wayne Batteau put it this way: "No scientific experiment ever goes wrong. It always does exactly what it should do; the scientist's disappointment is due to its not doing what he thought it should do."

The reaction of some Americans to Russian space spectaculars is truly remarkable; they seek desperately for any crumb of evidence that the Russians can't do solidly effective scientific research—despite the emotional shock of the Russians' first Sputnik.

When the Russians, in 1959, sent an automatic camera probe around the moon, and succeeded in getting man's first glimpses of the eternally hidden side of the moon, there soon appeared in *Popular Photography* (April, 1960) an article by Lloyd Mallan charging that the Russians had faked the whole thing—that the photograph released on Oct. 27, 1959 was a hoax—a fake! That the Russians had *not* been able to send a photographic space-probe out around the moon. Said Mallan: "I was skeptical. The photographic and electronic equipment I had seen a year-odd earlier during a two-month, 14,000-mile trip through scientific installations of the USSR simply were not capable of performing such an epic feat."

Mallan has the highest respect, however, for the abilities of the Russian propaganda machine—and decided that it simply wasn't possible for the Russians to achieve something that the United States was a long way from achieving. So he examined the photograph most carefully.

Carefully—but not understandingly.

Getting hold of an original print of the picture from Russia, so that no detail was lost by the scanning process used in transmission by wire or wireless, he studied the print in detail.

First, he was able to discern brush strokes. And the texture of gray areas revealed the texture of a specific type of artist's drawing paper! Areas could be detected where the paper had crinkled due to the water used as a medium in heavy washes. Area after area of the picture, under close examination, revealed to the discerning eye that it was *not* a photographic print, but an artist's work.

Eureka! It is now proven that he was right in his skepticism! The whole Russian claim was shown to be a hoax! They *weren't* capable of a space achievement!

The complete data on the back-of-the-moon venture were published by the Russian Government some months later. I've seen the booklet in translation. There are about fifty pages of data, explaining in detail what types of film they used, what the different camera lenses used were, how the negatives were processed on board the probe-ship in space, and how the developed negatives were then scanned electronically, and transmitted by radio signals to pick-up stations in Russia. The moon-probe had taken many pictures, with two different focal lenses, and had radioed back many individual frames.

Space is anything but cooperative with man's ambitions; inevitably, there was static "noise" on the picture transmissions—defects in the negatives—unsatisfactory lighting on the moon's surface—a variety of things to make difficulties for the whole photographic-electronic process.

## *Unscrambling Pictures*

The Russian scientists had recorded the incoming signals by both displaying them on a television-type tube, and simultaneously (they wouldn't get a second chance!) recording the bits of information on magnetic tape. By playing back the tapes, and studying the movies taken of the TV screens, the multiple, overlapping picture areas could be intercompared, and much of the static "noise" effects eliminated.

The complete data, in numerical form, were published in the booklet, with a thorough discussion of the weighting factors given to each picture-area in each of the original frames. From this mass of data, a photographic map of the unseen side



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of the moon was worked up. It was a photograph of this final integrated map that was published. Of course it wasn't a photograph—it was the work of photo-interpreters.

The answer, in other words, is perfectly simple—our Mariner IV did *not* send any pictures back from Mars, not so much as one good, straight photographic print. How could it? It's still hundreds of millions of miles out in space; obviously it couldn't send back solid objects like photographs. It sent back data—from which, by elaborate computer processing based on weighting programs the JPL scientists developed (mostly by trial and error), photographs were reconstructed.

We did the unscrambling-and-correcting by means of high-speed electronic computers. The Russians saved a few million dollars, and did it by using trained human minds. Same process—we used electronic "artists" to plot out the map; the Russians used trained human photo-interpreters.

But in the meantime, the "say-it-isn't-so!" type was able happily to deny that Russians can do Grade A #1 technical work in space.

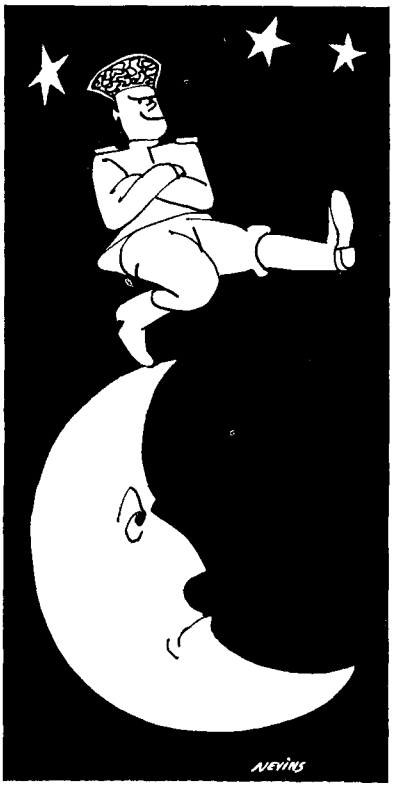
An even more astonishing piece of the same skeptical school appeared more recently, as a three-part article in *Science & Mechanics*. This elaborate and very carefully researched piece "proves" conclusively that the Russians *did not* achieve a "space-walk" at all, despite what their scientists, and the British, American, Swedish and various other nations' scientists say.

Again, Lloyd Mallan, who *knows* the Russians are incapable of real achievements, and knows they have a terrific propaganda department, sought for, and found evidence to prove his point.

Apparently *Popular Photography*, once bitten, was twice shy; they didn't seem to want the piece, despite the fact that the three-part article is an exacting analysis of the photographic techniques in the Russian official space-walk film.

I'm in full agreement with Mallan's contention that the space-walk film was, in fact, a phony—it was made on Earth in a photo-technical studio. Mallan has adequate evidence for that—the film when examined under high magnification shows characteristics that photo-technicians can readily identify. It isn't a color-film; it's a tinted infra-red film. There are frames which, under careful study, show signs of the wires supporting the "astronaut" and his life-support cables.

Again, in the Russian film of the space-walk, Cosmonaut Leonov's face can be seen behind his space-helmet




visor—which is somewhat peculiar, since the sun, in space, is no gentle yellowish disc for man's comfortable illumination and warmth. It's an electric-arc blaze of deadly radiations, capable of blinding a man in seconds. The radiations include X-rays and ultra-violet radiations (they might properly be termed "ultra-violent") that kill living cells practically on contact. A spaceman's helmet is needed not only to keep his essential air in, but to keep those deadly radiations out. Earth's 500-mile deep atmosphere protects us here on the surface; in space, a protective filter of very dark gray filter-glass, somewhat like a welder's helmet glass, is essential.

But a filter-glass visor that dense makes it impossible for a camera to see what's inside the helmet—it simply could not be done. Therefore Mallan correctly says that those shots in the Russian film that show Leonov's face inside the space-helmet could not have been made in space.

Mallan has plenty of evidence that the film is a montage job, made up of photographs of Earth and space taken by either a manned or unmanned space-probe, and used as a background for a studio movie—done with "invisible wire support"—made on Earth in some Russian movie studio's special effects department.

I agree with him; the "space-walk movie" seems to be a phony. However, just as Mallan was right in saying the moon photograph was in fact a piece of artwork, and immediately and triumphantly leapt to the conclusion he'd already picked—so he has, again, leapt to the conclusion he wants—that the Russians are incapable of space achievements of major magnitude.

Mallan has strongly asserted the great capability and dedication-to-the-cause of the Russian propaganda ministry. He evidently respects their capability in putting over the ideas they think important, and their willingness to work at the job. One of the ways in which the Russians are somewhat more adept than the United States is in recognizing that most of the world's peoples wouldn't know the truth of a technological feat, or be able to evaluate its magnitude, if they saw it themselves. You can't understand that a thing is an immensely difficult achievement if you have absolutely no experience or background in the field. To the backwoods native, an airplane is a mechanical bird. So what's new? Birds have been at it for a long time. So the plane goes 1,200 miles an hour? Big numbers, huh. Birds go faster than the wind too. Try explaining to a Hudson's Bay Eskimo why growing oranges, lemons, grapefruit and limes on the same tree is a botanical achievement. He doesn't really believe in orange trees anyway.

The United States produced a space-walk film, too. Ours was filmed in space, a completely honest, factual presentation. Maybe you saw it—but maybe you didn't look at it through the eyes of a wise propagandist, evaluating it in terms of what the people of most of the world would see.

Basically, the American and Russian films, as viewed by most of the world's people, differ in these re-



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spects: the U.S. film is true, and looks phony. The USSR film is a phony—and looks real!

The U.S. film, you may recall, was extremely jerky—there was some kind of space-suit at the end of some strings, that was being jerkily moved around. There was nobody in the space-suit—just a blank, black piece of glass, with nothing behind it. It was very bad photography; the highlight areas were blank because of overexposure, and the shadow areas were so dark you couldn't see anything. It was a very badly done job of moving an empty space-suit around on the end of strings. Beside it, the Russian film was smoothly done, well-lighted, and has a real man in a real space-suit.

When it comes to photographic technology, the United States has an undisputed lead. The world's finest cameras are made in the U.S. (You can't buy them, though; they're for government operations. The Japanese and Germans make the best general-purpose cameras, because of lower labor costs.) The world's best photographic film is made in the U.S. The Russian back-of-the-moon probe used U.S.-made photographic film, where absolute dependability was needed.

We couldn't get a convincing film of a space-walk; it looks completely phony—to anyone who has no understanding of the unearthly difficulties of taking films and of doing things in space.

Now inasmuch as the peoples of all the world's technically sophisticated nations already know what the U.S. has achieved, and what it is doing, a film that shows them accurately and realistically what the space-walk was like doesn't help us much. The Russians did a much better job of communicating the truth, by presenting a lie.

You *can't* take a decent movie in space! The sky, out there, is an utter and absolute black; the sun is a blinding glare of electric-arc flame. An object in space is lighted with the violent glare of the unshielded sun, or *it is not lighted at all.*

You've seen "the old moon in the arms of the new." That's simply one area of the moon lighted by the hard glare of the sun, and the rest of it dimly lighted by the reflection of sunlight from Earth. It gives you a good idea of the difference in brightness of a surface directly under sun-glare, and a surface illuminated by Earth-light—and why, therefore, you can't get a satisfactorily lighted picture of an object in space.

And certainly you can't get a picture of a man's face inside a space-suit in space. He has to have a practically opaque protective filter over his flesh, or he'll be blinded, and suffer a flaying sunburn.

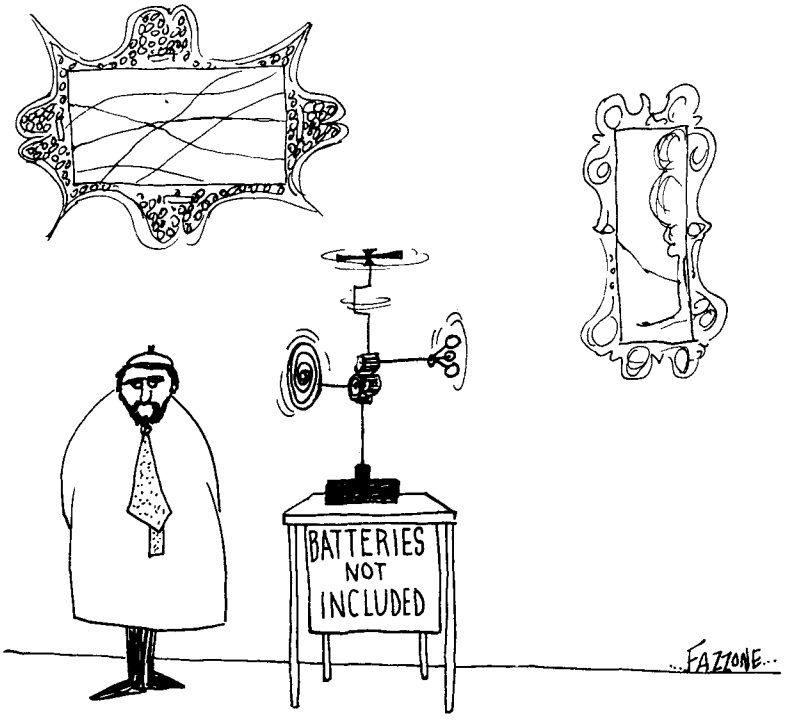
Exposure problems in that glaring sunlight are peculiar in many ways. For one thing, if you've ever taken color transparencies, you know how off-color the results are if you expose under the wrong kind of light. "Outdoor" film exposed under tungsten lights comes out with orange-red tones that make a tennis ball look like an orange. Use "indoor" film in sunlight, and little Suzie's face turns purple, and she appears to be suffering from asphyxiation—deeply cyanotic. Even using outdoor film outdoors, if you take a picture in a narrow street, where only the light of the sky reaches, it comes out with everything looking blue. So—what kind of color film do you use in space, where there is the violent, unshielded light of the sun?

Moreover, in an actual space-walk film, you're excessively limited as to view angles; until we have a space-walk from one space-capsule, while a second space-capsule is out there circling around it, you can't get a picture of the astronaut emerging from the space-capsule. (The Russians did get such a view in their film!)

The Russians do indeed have an effective, dedicated, and capable propaganda department; their space-walk film is a much better job of communicating the truth than our 100 per cent honest film. Human beings will always react to what they can believe to be true—not to what *is* true.

Mallan, seemingly, is a spokesman for a large group of Americans who can only believe that Russians are incapable of real, major scientific achievement. That they can believe—and obviously want very ardently to have that established belief proven—and no matter how flimsy the evidence! Stick with that viewpoint, and Werner von Braun's testimony before the Senate, some years ago, may indeed be validated. During a Senate investigation of the whole space program, its costs and its values, one senator who clearly considered the whole space business nonsense, asked him, "But Dr. von Braun, what do you expect to find when you do get to the moon?"

Von Braun looked at him, considered his attitude, and said simply, "Russians."



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## An Answer

# *The John Campbell Syndrome*

LLOYD MALLAN

I am intrigued, amused and amazed by John W. Campbell's article, taking me harshly to task for: 1) being right and 2) being wrong about Russian space technology. He agrees that I have plenty of evidence to prove that Cosmonaut Leonov's film of a "space walk" was made in an Earthbound motion picture studio and that the "first" photos of the hidden side of the moon were not photos at all but were artwork. Yet he contends that I am way off base in assuming that if the Soviets lie blatantly about one thing, you cannot trust them to tell the truth about another. In Mr. Campbell's mind, the Russians do "a much better job of communicating the truth, by presenting a lie."

Such reasoning may be worthy of science-fiction plotting, in which Mr. Campbell is a recognized authority, but it is hardly the way to evaluate the claims—repeat: claims—of space research achievements by a nation that has never once permitted outside neutral observers to be at the scene of their launches or recoveries of spacecraft. That same nation, the Soviet Union, furthermore has *never* released any hard scientific data acquired through space experiments of whatever kind.

Maybe Mr. Campbell's concept of the word "data" is different from my own? To me, the word means *"precise* scientific information that reveals specific aspects of an experiment, the results of which are indisputable and verifiable by anyone who may have an accurate description of the instruments or the calculations used in that experiment." In space research, the Soviets describe their instruments *and* mathematical calculations only in terms of the broadest generalities.

But Mr. Campbell can say: "From this mass of data, a photographic map of the unseen side of the Moon was worked up [by the Russians]."

I have before me the booklet to which John Campbell refers, the English translation of the release on *The Other Side of the Moon* issued by the USSR Academy of Sciences and published by the Pergamon Press in 1960. I have just gone through its 36 pages for perhaps the fifteenth time. I fail to find any data whatever in those pages. Everything in the booklet, except for the foreword, had previously appeared in newspapers. Nothing new or scientific was added. Even the two photographs and the so-called map as well as the three orbital diagrams had appeared before in the Russian and world press. There is no description of the film used, anywhere in the book. The focal lengths and focal ratios of two lenses are given as well as the film frame size, but these "data" are meaningless without a precise knowledge of the angles subtended by the lenses' field of view. That knowledge was not given in the booklet.

### *Science Si, Technology No*

Mr. Campbell was apparently brainwashed into thinking that the hidden-side-of-the-moon map published in the booklet was the work of expert Russian photo-interpreters analyzing and matching many exposed frames from the film. At least one other person—independently and unaware at the time of my article in *Popular Photography*—tried to match the released Russian photos. He is J. A. Redeker, Associate Foreign Editor and Science Editor of the Dutch newspaper *Algemeen Dagblad* in Rotterdam. Here are excerpts from a letter he later wrote to me on 16 July 1960:

> With the simple tools of geometry and with a photographic enlarger I have been able to find astonishing discrepancies in two of the "pictures" of the other side of the moon which highlight the amazing book, *The Other Side of the Moon,* published under the aegis of the Academy of Science of the Soviet Union by Pergamon Press, London. I believe I have found undoubtable proof that the "pictures" are not pictures at all but drawings, and very clumsy ones at that . . .
>
> I enlarged . . . both pictures on the same scale, I compared them and found the discrepancies . . . the top halves were not identical . . . *Mare Moscovianum* and *Mare Humboldtianum* [were] much higher in the left-hand "picture" than in the righthand one.
>
> It is a pity that Pergamon Press, the publisher of NATO, was tricked into distributing this "scientific report" in the Western world . . . Yours truly, (signature)

Mr. Redeker also sent me a copy of his article showing the discrepancies photographically. I would be happy to send Mr. Campbell copies of both the letter and article.

I would also suggest that before Mr. Campbell makes accusations, he check the source. He implies that *Popular Photography* refused to publish my series on the Russian space-walk hoax. It was never submitted to *Popular Photography* in the first place, as Campbell can verify by getting in touch with John Durniak, Editor. That series came into being during a luncheon conversation with Herb Leavy, editorial director and vice president of Davis Publications, and Larry Sanders, Editor of that company's *Science & Mechanics. I* was commenting about the lack of courage and depth of insight among almost all popular magazine editorial staffs. As an example, I cited my reactions to the alleged Leonov space-walk. "I wouldn't even submit the idea of trying to expose that hoax," I said. "Nobody would have the guts to publish it." They got indignant and asked me: "Can you document your claims?" My answer was: "You're darned right I can. It's such an obvious phony." Right then and there, *Science & Mechanics* committed themselves to the article, no matter how many words it might take. They paid my expenses to have the film analyzed by outstanding experts in Rochester, Boston and at Cape Kennedy.

Incidentally, John W. Campbell misrepresents my background on other counts. I never tried to imply that Soviet *science* was based on lies. My theme is (and it's been upheld by others time and again) that Soviet *technology* is extremely poor. Technology encompasses the various disciplines of engineering — electronic, metallurgical, hydraulic, propulsion and structural. These are fields absolutely essential to launching men into



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space or taking photos from space. The physical sciences to which Mr. Campbell refers provide many of the ideas for experiments in space—but they cannot supply the actual hardware. That takes superb and experienced engineering, which the Russians simply do not have.

Furthermore, I am not one of those Americans who "seek desperately for a crumb of evidence that the Russians can't do solidly effective scientific research." As an honest science reporter, I believe strongly that the

(Continued on p. 435)

## Death of a Craftsman

# *Evelyn Waugh, RIP*

FARLEY CLINTON

He was a fat and sensitive man, at once noble-minded and worldly, who looked something like a portrait of Handel and something like an elderly dowager. When I was eighteen, I was able to write to him, almost truthfully, that I had read at least twice every word he had ever had in print, and *Brideshead Revisited* eight times. In answer I received a postcard with this message printed in a fine, intellectual hand: "Advice to Young Writer: 1) Learn the language completely. If he intends writing in English, some knowledge of Latin is necessary; of Greek desirable. 2) Purchase bottle of ink, ream of foolscap paper, and pen (not easily found in U.S.A.). 3) Write for three hours daily, if under 30 years of age; for two hours daily, if over. 4) Revise chapter by chapter. 5) Revise entire work. 6) Publish and be damned. E. Waugh."

I was greatly impressed. And although, in the intervening years, I have of course sometimes read books by other people, upon the whole I have kept my competence on the subject of Evelyn Waugh, and my fierce adoration, intact. For what it is worth, I have not found any other of my adolescent enthusiasms to last, except perhaps for Alexander Pope. Keats, Henry James, Firbank, magical writers, in whom I seemed to surprise the deity of language naked, divine and omnipotent, have to my aging eyes dwindled and diminished with the years. Evelyn Waugh holds his own. I am rather glad he is dead; it gave me occasion to read yet again one or two or those books which I have by now read more than twice, to be freshly delighted and enthralled by them as if I had never read them before. He is magnificent. He is as eligible as anyone else, I suppose, to rank as the first master of English prose in our time. Who would his rivals be? E. M. Forster, Nabokov, Isak Dinesen, Lytton Strachey, the incomparable Ivy Compton-Burnett. With these exceptions, his contemporaries were of minor interest, and one must look back to the mountain-peaks, to the sudden lightning on the mountain-peaks, the strange lyricism of Thomas Browne and some conversations of Shakespeare, to find language so exact and so beautiful as his.

THERE IS ANOTHER opinion on this subject. "Evelyn Waugh?" Miss Compton-Burnett once said to me. "Yes, well, *Vile Bodies* was a good book, and for all I know he might write another good book one day." Certainly, the very early Waugh is irreplaceable; for all his bitterness and disenchantment, no other writer, I think, had in him so much of the stuff of youth, the daring, the melancholy, the intensity, the moral earnestness of youth. It is significant that in all his early writing the only poet for whom he shows any great enthusiasm is Rimbaud. And he could no more have kept on along the path of his first work than the early Rimbaud. Youth goes. Superb as his recent books are, and they bear constant re-reading better than any others in modern English, they lack the flash, the effortless felicity, the languid strength of his very first writing. The languor of the early Evelyn Waugh, how unique and quintessential it is! How quickly, how irrecoverably lost! But when he was twenty-seven something befell the author of *Vile Bodies* which curiously estranged him from his first admirers; something inexplicable, almost miraculous, which changed him unrecognizably. "Childhood contains clues to the eventual man," his brother Alec wrote many years later. "I naturally know things about him which no one else knows. But . . . I lack the key to Evelyn. I cannot enter imaginatively into the mind of a person for whom religion is the dominant force in his life, for whom religion is a crusade, as it is with Evelyn. You cannot appraise a stained-glass window if you look at it from the outside."

In February 1929 he set off with his first wife, whom he obviously adored (the marriage was later ruled invalid), on an idle, conventional pleasure tour of the Mediterranean. He was just twenty-six. He had no great reputation as a writer, no great ambition to write, a vague wish for a life of action and adventure, and a set of perfectly conventional irreligious prejudices which he was able to express much more wittily than most people who are guided by them. He visited Monte Carlo, Naples, Messina and Catania (in Sicily), Haifa and Nazareth (in Israel), Port Said, Cairo and Helwan (Egypt), Malta, Crete, Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Venice, Ragusa and Cattaro (Yugoslavia), Barcelona, Algiers, Malaga, Gibraltar, Seville, Lisbon. He carried with him, to read on board ship, Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*. In the mood induced by such reading and by his own unsentimental pessimism about human affairs, he visited for the first time the world evangelized two thousand years ago by the Apostle Paul and continually ravaged by the intellectual and cultural conflicts of Roman Catholic, Orthodox, and Moslem believers.

He had arranged to write his impressions of his travels. The case of the people who dislike Evelyn Waugh —that is, who dislike Catholicism and



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conservatism—has never been put better than by Waugh himself in the little book he wrote at this time. (*Labels, A Mediterranean Journey, 1930*). He reveals some acquaintance with, and a cold contempt for, the Catholic historical works of Hilaire Belloc. On a rainy day in Venice he observed that, "Unlike most men of letters, Ruskin would have led a much more valuable life if he had been a Roman Catholic." In Egypt, reflecting on the endless number of museums in this world: "There seems to me few things more boring than the cult of mere antiquity." But he was astonished to find religion exuding tremendous vitality everywhere, especially the Catholicism of Malta, Yugoslavia, and Portugal. Although he had laughed at the Jesuits' outpost in Oxford, Campion Hall, when he returned to England he went there to discuss the fundamental truths of Christianity with Father Martin D'Arcy. When he published *Labels,* he prefixed the book with this observation: "So far as this book contains any serious opinions, they are those of the dates with which it deals, eighteen months ago. Since then my views on several subjects, and particularly on Roman Catholicism, have developed and changed in many ways." On September 29, the feast of Saint Michael, 1930, he made his solemn profession of faith in the Roman Catholic Church; and to a greater and greater degree, this faith inspired the rest of his life and work.

His faith was greatly increased, it would seem, by an event which took place some years later. He visited the death-bed of a friend of his, an ex-Catholic, who had publicly and firmly refused to have anything to do with religion throughout his adult life; this was John Duggan, the brother of the Catholic historical novelist Alfred Duggan. His condition had rapidly worsened, and he entered a coma from which, it seemed, there was no chance that he would recover. After Waugh prayed for him John Duggan awakened, summoned a priest, and received the final sacraments with every sign of faith and piety. Waugh was shaken to the core by this happening; the result of it was *Brideshead Revisited* (1944). To the immense storm of criticism which this book provoked, Waugh publicly answered that he would devote all his future books to more or less religious themes. He kept his word. The major works of his last years were *Helena,* the final treatment of Waugh's life-long pre-occupation with the Holy Land and with the relation between Faith and European civilization (he certainly did not identify the two things, as some crude critics seem to believe); a biography of Monsignor Ronald Knox; and the great trilogy, *Sword of Honor,* dealing with the fortunes of an English Catholic family in the world of 1939-1945.

Edmund Wilson, a critic of note, once wrote that the special characteristic of Waugh's writing is that "nothing is taken for granted. . . . Everything comes out of experience and everything has emotional value." But he refused to believe that *Brideshead* conveyed any authentic religious experience at all, and he treated all of Waugh's later work as of no literary significance.

No doubt he will refuse to believe that Waugh died, like some figure in religious legend, on Easter Sunday, after Mass.

I do not know whether Waugh ever wrote a nobler page than the prayer to the Three Kings, at the conclusion of *Helena.* It may well stand for his epitaph.

"How laboriously you came, taking sights and calculating, where the shepherds had run barefoot! How odd you looked on the road, attended by what outlandish liveries, laden with such preposterous gifts!

"You came at length to the final stage of your pilgrimage and the great star stood still above you. What did you do? You stopped to call on King Herod. Deadly exchange of compliments, in which there began that unended war of mobs and magistrates against the innocent!

"Yet you came and were not turned away. You too found room before the manger. Your gifts were not needed, but they were accepted and put carefully by, for they were brought with love. In that new order of charity that had just come to life, there was room for you, too. You were not lower in the eyes of the holy family than the ox or the ass.

"You are my especial patrons, and patrons of all late-comers, of all who have a tedious journey to make to the truth, of all who are confused with knowledge and speculation, of all who stand in danger by reason of their talents.

"Dear cousins, pray for me. Pray for the great, lest they perish utterly. And pray for Lactantius, and Marcias and the young poets of Treves and for the souls of my wild, blind ancestors; for their sly foe Odysseus and for the great Longinus.

"For His sake who did not reject your curious gifts, pray for the learned, the oblique, the delicate. Let them not be quite forgotten at the Throne of God when the simple come into their kingdom."

## Complain! Complain!

*"Those who do not complain are never pitied."*

Jane Austen

***When the commonweal***
***Smells a trifle foul,***

***Be a squeaky wheel;***
***Not a silent owl.***

***Lay it on the line;***
***Raise a little cain.***

***Let 'em know The Nine***
***Seem to be* insane.**

***Give a thought to how***
***Liberals succeed:***

***Be a big bow-wow!***
***(Lyndon likes to read.)***

***Though they're awful sweet,***
***On a crowded bus***

***Ladies get a seat***
***Only when they fuss.***

W. H. von Dreele



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## Of Poetry and Such

# *Evelyn Waugh: In Memoriam*

HUGH KENNER

In 1929, in Paris, the young Evelyn Waugh observed through a taxi window the spectacle of a man in the Place Beauveau whose umbrella had caught fire. "He was a man of middle age and, to judge by his bowler hat and frock coat, of the official class. . . . I . . . saw him in the center of a small crowd, grasping it still by the handle and holding it at arm's length so that the flames should not scorch him. It was a dry day and the umbrella burnt flamboyantly. I followed the scene as long as I could from the little window in the back of the car, and saw him finally drop the handle and push it, with his foot, into the gutter. It lay there smoking, and the crowd peered at it curiously before moving off."

*Kenner*

Imagine Kafka's dealings with such a scene; then imagine Salvador Dali's. Conceive the Phlegethon of adjectival vividness with which Dickens would have inundated this modest conflagration; the reverberant ironies it would have elicited from Conrad; the layered nuances behind which Henry James, O.M., would have obscured that stark flame. And consider Waugh's treatment: a half dozen workmanlike sentences. The mad thing exacted from him no corresponding madness: no wit: no rhetoric: not inflation nor yet the tedious meiosis that diminishes the Normandy landings to "a bit of a dust-up": merely statement soberly adequated to event.

Refusing to "be a writer," he schooled himself to the writer's hardest work, which is to transfer an event into the reader's imagination while eschewing local emphasis, didactic or dramatic. The kind of skill that makes tables you can write at and chairs you can sit on shaped his prose; the prose conveyed events observed or events imagined with equal impartiality; observed or imagined, the events were of the order of flaming umbrellas in city streets. His subject was an England clutching for ten years with some consternation a succession of blazing umbrellas: Victorian decorum confronting wholesale madness, and suicidal madness finally. So that he was the only peacetime writer who had no need to learn more skills when he wrote of the war, and given by the war his amplest subject, responded to its themes with his finest book.

As the spire of a Gothic cathedral repeats the gesture of each pointed arch, so the Waugh plot has the shape of its component incidents. The incidents he invented tend to have a common quality, that of the undergraduate practical joke. (His one overrated book, *Brideshead Revisited*, discloses the depth of his sustaining passion for the days of wine and roses he spent at Oxford.) The rural life correspondent of the *Daily Beast* is sent by mistake to cover the Abyssinian war. Basil Seal concludes his tenure as advisor to the Kingdom of Azania by inadvertently eating his fiancée. A woman's troublesome corpse is disposed of in the pet cemetery, setting in motion a procedure that will send till the end of time to her most embarrassed mourner an annual reminder: "Your little Aimée is wagging her tail in heaven tonight, thinking of you."

That was in fact his considered judgment of the modern world, that it was compounded of microcosmic practical jokes, whether played by its inhabitants on one another, or on whole peoples at a time by a Fate that has richly pondered their just desserts.

It is a view from which one might expect to derive more entertainment than insight, and indeed Waugh's insight into actual phenomena would seem to have been minimal. His rare book reviews are triumphs of grouchy irrelevance: given something achieved by an autonomous imagination, he fingered it as with tongs for clues to the Bad Joke it betokened. As a guide to liturgical reform he was unenlightened; he appears to have detected a sinister liaison between dialogue mass and the Sieg Heil tendencies of German theologians, quite as though Vatican II had been an incident in one of his own novels. Writing the life of a man he admired, he records that Msgr. Ronald Knox had not seen a talking picture as late as 1954, but without a flicker of curiosity; since why should we expect anyone of sense to have been to a talking picture?

BUT ART has its own laws; and such incidents, built into novels, borrow light from the artifice by which the novelist establishes their plausibility, and acquire, as by synergy, illuminative powers. There is no common measure between what the artist understands and what we can understand by the light of his work, provided only that he subscribe to the moral discipline of shaping with faithful words the record of his whims.

The trilogy, *Sword of Honor,* begins in foolery about a chemical toilet ("What happened?" "I don't know, old man. I just sat down. There was a frightful bang and the next thing I knew I was on all fours on the grass, right over here.") It ends with another bad joke, much larger: Yugoslavia being taken over, with British help, by the Communists. The former an Oxford undergraduate would have imagined; the latter, Oxford dons will not get through their noggins for at least another generation. The two incidents have the same shape, the shape that, tesselated, makes a Waugh novel.

Whether or not Evelyn Waugh supposed that all twentieth-century events can be reduced to undergraduate foolery and so dismissed, is a question that, now he is dead, no longer has much cogency; there is no use wishing one could argue with him. We have the novels, and they are social history; if Lewis Carroll was the Zola of England, Evelyn Waugh was the Hogarth of Mayfair when Mayfair had much of our destiny in its idle hands. And, built up

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# *Restaurants—Abroad in New York*

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

There are some mysteries upon which no light will ever be shed, and one of them is why so many people in New York will put up with restaurants where neither food, surroundings nor service are what they are cracked up to be, besides being majestically overpriced. Well, life is too short to suffer and pay for it too, so that from time to time, I'll write of restaurants chosen for their diversity and their straightforward approach to their customers. (I'd like to add that I always go incognito, and pay for my own food.)

THE COPENHAGEN, 68 West 58th Street, just off Sixth Avenue, is a smart, well-mannered Danish restaurant, the sort of place you can take anybody, however grand, on whom you wish to make a good impression, and be sure that at all times things will be very pleasant indeed. Reason: the Danish owners and a very competent Danish staff believe that when you go out to eat you want something more festive than what you get at home. The modern decor is soothing rather than stark Scandinavian —giving a general impression of warmth, with red banquettes under panel photographs of Copenhagen, that most ravishing and hospitable of European cities. The tables are decently separated so that you can call your conversation your own, and you are further protected by vague, soft background music which is hardly noticed, if at all. The center of the room is taken up by the Danish Kold Table (what the Swedes call smorgasbord), the Copenhagen's outstanding feature. It is a varied and excellent board, attractively spread under a set of seasonal sugar sculptures, such as the Copenhagen waterfront in the winter, and with all the carved vegetables and trimmings to make it look pretty. The job of keeping up the visual appeal of a cold table is not to be underestimated; with dozens of varieties of fish, seafood, meats, salads, cheese, hot dishes and fruits spread out, they've got to be replenished continually, and keeping it all tidy is not as easy as it may seem. I recommend especially the smoked Danish eel, which should conquer anybody's prejudices against eel; and the Danish liver paté, which is milder and creamier than French patés; the crisp cold duck and the hot Danish meatballs. Frikadeller, as they are called, are a matter of deep personal feeling with all Danes, who look upon them as a national institution. There is a certain Scandinavian etiquette to eating your way through the Kold Table, an orderly progression beginning with fish and so on through meats, salads, hot

dishes, cheeses and fruit. Any of the staff, including the lovely blond Mrs. Plume, wife of the owner, will guide you with benevolence. You will be beamed on if you take repeated trips to the table; you can eat yourself silly, and many people do. Kold Table and dessert is probably the most popular meal, but I urge trying the Danish specialties. The fish is great, for example the boiled cod with mustard sauce and drawn butter; and the Gravlaks—salmon homecured with fresh dill—which beats any smoked salmon, served with creamed spinach, cucumber salad and parsley potatoes. Awakening the nostalgia in the hearts of all the handsome and prosperous Danes who eat regularly at the Copenhagen are the medisterpolse—homemade sausages served with red cabbage, sugarbrowned potatoes and cucumber salad.

Anybody wanting to lunch true Danish fashion should order the smorrebrod from a special menu. These open-faced Danish sandwiches look like lovely tapestries, with interesting combinations of ingredients next to one another, or layered. The prize of them all is the one with the minuscule Danish shrimp which are sheer heaven. These sandwiches are substantial, and the usual thing is for two people to make a meal of three or four of them. Like the Kold Table, smorrebrod calls for the Danish water of life, Aalborg Akvavit, served ice-cold in small glasses, with a chaser of the wonderful Danish beer.

What I want to stress is the relaxed, unhurried atmosphere of the Copenhagen, so typical of Danish dining. It is also a splendid place to entertain the young, and some of the specialties, like the liver paté, are put up to take home. Reservations are in order in the evening, unless you come around six. At lunch, the Kold Table, dessert and coffee cost $3.85, with entrees from $3 up; at dinner, the first comes to $6 and the second from $3.75. Desserts are around $1.00. Telephone: MU 8-3690. Closed Sundays.

THE RUSSIAN TEAROOM, 150 West 57th Street, is not a tearoom at all, but a restaurant bang next door to Carnegie Hall and very convenient to Lincoln Center. It is full of interesting-looking people — musicians being watched over by the waiter so that they won't be late for their concert; distinguished visiting foreign artists relaxing over their after-theater supper; theatrical people. You'll also see what is left of New York's genuine old-time Russian colony of artists and intelligentsia, including some remarkable old girls; they usually sit out front, by the bar. More than any other place in New York, the Russian Tearoom reminds me of a cosmopolitan Paris restaurant with all its animation. I'd take an interesting date of any age and either sex to the Russian Tearoom, or anybody who likes a change, but not so much of a change as to be frightened by it.

Russian food is extremely good, and far too little known in this country. The food at the Russian Tearoom is also very good indeed, especially the soups. The hot Borscht with sour cream could not be better, and the Roszolnik, a thick soup of chicken giblets, veal kidneys, vegetables, pickle and sour cream (I know this

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# Wisdom on the Cello

HUGH KENNER

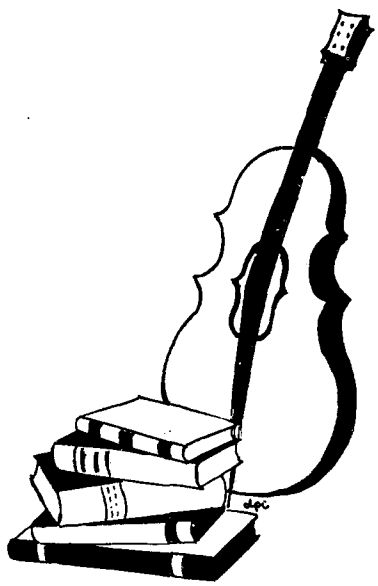
"So we have always new problems," Mr. Eliot concludes a paragraph, "and the old ones in new forms": a designedly lame and impotent conclusion, declining to raise us to some rhetorical Pisgah. His prose affords no sights of promised lands for posterity to inherit once it has profited by Mr. Eliot's instruction. Four lectures on The Aims of Education do not tell us a single thing we can do, by way of improving the education we are busy offering. They assume our willingness to reduce the scope of the delusion under which we suffer, when we assume that we can say what the aims of education are, or that in our schools we do something or other calculated to fulfill these aims.

For Eliot believed—very profoundly believed—that you can usefully discuss things without coming to a conclusion. He distrusted conclusions, because they resemble recipes. They imply that once you have followed their instructions you can dispose of a problem. And he regarded as the shallowest delusion of his time the reduction of social reality to a congeries of solvable problems. He has something to say about where these "problems" come from:

> In the world today we find ourselves more and more trying to manipulate what had been left to take its own course—that is, our area of conscious manipulation becomes bigger and bigger. A problem comes into existence through our ability to become aware of it; the awareness shapes the problem; and once we are conscious of a problem, we cannot dismiss it from consciousness; we find ourselves under obligation to try to find an answer.

*A problem comes into existence through our ability to become aware of it.* Thus the Great Society, its awareness extended by its resources, became aware of the Junkyard Problem and the Lighthouse Problem, and

*To Criticize the Critic: Eight Essays on Literature and Education*, by T. S. Eliot. Farrar, $4.95



of course the Education Problem, to be met, respectively, by voting appropriations, flipping switches, and voting appropriations. Having been discovered by a political apparatus anxious to proclaim its identity, these problems from the moment they were defined became Public problems; the President himself, *servus servorum populi*, blisters his personal, his Texan index finger coping with the second of them. Being Public, they imply that other concerns are Private, and exempt from the public sphere. There remain areas, surely (unless I operate a junkyard, or a University), where I can do as I like?

But Mr. Eliot thinks not. In putting the matter this way, he indicates, in reserving to my exclusive use areas of freedom, areas (my mentors will tell me) of self-development, I proceed with insufficient self-scrutiny. For such a view, and the educational function normally invoked to serve it (electives in poetry, in basketry) "does not proceed to maintain that there are certain latent powers for good, and certain latent powers for evil, in man as man; it suggests rather, that each man has latent powers and faculties peculiar to himself, illustrated by the various ways in which men spend their leisure time." And the danger of so separating the social and the private life will be

> . . . that the social code, the code of citizenship, will become more and more constrictive, more and more exercising a pressure towards *conformity;* and that this public servitude to society will be compensated by extreme licence in whatever conduct is supposed to be none of society's business.

This licence in turn—as when I take up LSD, on the understandable principle that my hallucinations at least are my own affair—becomes in turn a public nuisance or a public concern, to be repressed by yet a further public invasion; and "thus the individual may find his privacy, his opportunity for exercising his moral freedom and responsibility gradually taken away from him in the name of society."

THE "PROBLEM" solved by this gradual assimilation of all things to social control is the problem of the public/private dichotomy itself, which Mr. Eliot suggests is precisely one of those problems we have generated by learning to become aware of it. Such a problem arises when we lose hold of Tradition: when we "consider the individual . . . as a seed out of a packet with no name on it, which we plant and tend out of curiosity to see what it will become." But men in society with a known past are seeds "of a known plant which has been cultivated for many generations —a plant about which we know what its flower or fruit ought to be, if it



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receives the right nurture and grows to perfection."

Now the theme of the whole discussion is that simply by conducting it we acquire a grasp of our tradition. It is impossible that a people with a language not have a tradition, which will maintain them against tinkering and silliness. It is quite possible, even quite likely, that they will tend to forget what it is. The tradition is useful only as it is known; and we come to know it by examining our own ideas, our meliorist impulses, ultimately our language: discovering for example that we mean several different things by the word "Education," and cannot hope to define the word completely.

LEARNING THIS, like the man who came to the Chapel Perilous in the central myth of Mr. Eliot's poetry, we have learned to ask what certain mysterious things are, which until we asked about them were merely tools, and relics, but which once we ask (and we need not receive an answer) become symbols of potent liberation. So the reader of the last lines of *The Waste Land* is maneuvered into asking what five or six fragmentary quotations are, and what they are all doing here: and in finding out he will acquire a cross-section of the intellectual traditions of Europe: that is, of his own heritage. And the reader who dismisses the poem as "obscure" does not want to know what the words meant which he chanted, as a child, about London Bridge falling. He wants either to assert his idiosyncratic taste, which is a taste for ignorance, or else to be delivered from sibylline enigmas, and have instead Problems and Solutions. He wants not to have a Tradition; he wants it not to question him nor guide him. Is he not free to be free?

The essays and addresses in *To Criticize the Critic* are mostly in this way inconclusive; they are meditations on what we half-know, and what we mean by it: the place of Dante, the relation of the Classics to literacy, the interrelation of American Literature and the American language, the French cult of Poe, the nature of Free Verse. The two earliest (1917) are the most definite: they are nearly summarizable. The others, which date from 1942 to 1961, recall Eliot's own praise of Francis Herbert Bradley, the philosopher on whose prose manner he formed his own; for Bradley, he once noted, affords his reader "none of the persuasiveness of science and none of the persuasiveness of literature," and denies his reader a more eloquent doctrine's "meretricious captivation."

Bradley's thought led into very dry places, but it was a liberating experience to follow it. Eliot gradually abandoned the Bradleyan skepticism (which "seems to give you everything that you ask and yet to render it not worth wanting"), but he retained and developed Bradley's quality of appeasing the mind as by a string instrument finely played, so that the experience of having followed the argument from no determinate beginning to no paraphrasable ending is itself the argument's principal residuum.

In "From Poe to Valéry" he defines a poetic tradition to which he himself belonged, the tradition which takes the poetic process for its subject. As a poetic tradition, he hinted, it had by 1948 run its course, during which it succeeded in being the most interesting development of poetic consciousness to occur during a hundred years. It was his own prose tradition as well, and has probably also, as prose, run its course: there are ways, we cannot but feel, of leading the reader somewhere more determinate. In Eliot's prose, however, as in Valéry's poetry, it gave rise to memorable performances which, if they have no more of a paraphrasable sort to say than has a cello, have yet a Mozart's power of communicating wisdom.

# Post-Vatican II Theology

WILL HERBERG

HANS KUNG is a younger Continental Catholic theologian of considerable distinction. He possesses a fine intelligence, wide knowledge, and a brilliant flair for theologizing. His celebrated work on Karl Barth (*Justification*, 1957, 1964) has given him a worldwide reputation, fully sustained by his later productions. He generally writes in a clear, forceful way, and gives the impression, reinforced by his style and manner, even by his appearance, of desiring nothing more than to be frank and open in putting forth his theses, defending his faith, and commenting on the views of others. So he seems aptly cast as the theologian of the "new" (post-Vatican II) Church, providentially equipped to present and defend its line.

*Freedom Today*, by Hans Küng. Sheed & Ward, $3.95

*Dialogue with Myself*, by Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J. Trident, $4.95

This is what he strives to do in *Freedom Today*, the first in a series of Theological Meditations, edited by Father Küng himself. (It seems rather inappropriate, by the way, to describe these expository and apologetic pieces as "meditations"; in fact, three of the five chapters were published separately in England or America without the least suggestion that they were devotional in character.) The theme is freedom, and Father Küng deals with it under five heads—"The Freedom of the Individual," "The Freedom of the Church," "The Freedom of Theology," "The Freedom of Religions," and "The Freedom of a Pope" (which last is an unrestrained eulogy of Pope John XXIII and all his works). Here we have a very relevant subject and a very capable expositor and interpreter; why, then, is one so often confused and perplexed by what Father Küng says, rather than enlightened and satisfied?

The reason, I think, is that Father Küng is rather too anxiously writing *sub specie Concilii*, which he likes to identify as both *sub specie temporis* and *sub specie aeternitatis*. Not to put too fine a point on it, Father Küng writes as though the positions of the Vatican Council, at least on the subject of freedom, were both strikingly modern and a restatement of the ancient teaching of the Church, an expression of a radical *aggiorna-*



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*mento* and of an enduring tradition, at one and the same time. But for once even Father Küng's fabulous dialectical skill does not suffice. As a result, there is a persistent ambiguity pervading these and like writings, or rather a rhetorical haze that blurs all outlines, and leaves the reader feeling warm about the new and the old both, but quite uncertain of how they fit together.

I do not want to overload these paragraphs with too many specific examples, but perhaps one or two may not be out of place. Küng hinges his discussion of freedom in the modern world on the New Testament promise of the "glorious freedom of the children of God," without showing any relation between this freedom and economic, social, political, or even religious freedom in the modern sense. After all, Saint Paul does not seem to be disturbed by the virtually unrestricted despotism of Roman imperial rule under Nero; nor does he have a word to say against slavery, while sending a runaway slave back to his master. Father Küng shuttles back and forth between the two conceptions of freedom, unwilling properly to distinguish them (because "freedom" is a good *aggiornamento* word), and unable to relate them to each other (because then the up-to-date, *aggiornamento* character of the "freedom" idea, especially freedom in the Church, might evaporate). A profound inner connection between the "glorious freedom of the children of God" and freedom in the secular sense does exist, but Father Küng, for all his ingenuity, is unable to elicit and explain it.

OR TAKE THE CHAPTER on "The Freedom of Religions." Here Father Küng seems to be intent on showing that the Vatican Council succeeded in overcoming the traditional "narrowness" of Christianity expressed in the ancient teaching, "Outside the Church there is no salvation." So he comes up with a view of the relation of Christianity to the "religions of the world" that virtually eliminates the irreducible "scandal of particularity" at the heart of any faith that claims to be Biblical. This new kind of universalism—which sees even the "quasi-religions" (Communism, etc.) as a possible "way of salvation" (p. 147; on "quasi-religions," see p. 134) —Father Küng is obliged to claim is both old-established Catholic doctrine and something happily reflecting the mid-twentieth century Western spirit of "tolerance." Again, he is somewhat embarrassed at the total claim traditionally made by the Church on the faithful, because it seems to resemble the total claim made by the totalitarian state; and he comforts himself with the vague feeling that Vatican II has changed all that. His extreme sensitivity to the fluctuations of the "modern mind" prevents him from saying what he presumably well knows—that the Church, if it understands itself, *must* make total claims upon the faithful, since it is the Church of *God*; and that the vice of the totalitarian state is that, by making its total claim, it—a human, temporal institution—in effect claims to be God.

There is no point in extending this criticism further. Much in this book is of great value; in particular, Chapter 3, "The Freedom of Theology," is Küng at his best. But his uncritical response to the appeal of *aggiornamento*, and the confusion that inevitably results, make this book, on balance, a grave disappointment.

If Father Küng's book is so ob-

## Random Notes

● BOOKS: Recent and forthcoming, for children and others: Overshadowed by the faceless minions of Disney, that grand old illustrator, Ernest Shepard, turns to writing in *Ben and Brock* (Doubleday, $3.25), which teams a boy and a badger against a quartet of criminal crabs. Illustrations by the author, fortunately. . . . Another artist, Tomi Ungerer, reassesses an abused bird in *Orlando, the Brave Vulture* (Harper, $3.50). . . . James Playsted Woods writes, and delightful David Levine (of the *New York Review*) illustrates, *The Snark Was a Boojum,* a youngster's biography of G. Who (Pantheon, $3.95). . . . Sterling North, who gave us *Rascal,* offers now *Hurry, Spring!,* a compendium of the season's wonders (Dutton, $3.75). . . . *If I Had a Boat* is William Jay Smith's new book of verse for the young (Macmillan, $2.95).

Braziller has another Ford Madox Ford fairytale: *The Brown Owl* ($3.95). . . . Knopf's new edition of Belloc's *More Beasts for Worse Children* retains the B.T.B. drawings and is therefore praiseworthy; beware of other, less wise publishers! . . . Charles E. Tuttle has reissued a 1913 classic, *The American Boy's Handy Book* by D. C. Beard, from which today's teenager can learn how to build a wizard iceboat, a dandy Marconi rig, and other quaint things. . . . Also for nostalgiacs is *Warne's High Road Painting Book* (Frederick Warne, spring, $1.25), which invites one to color the drawings of Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Edward Lear and others.

● MOVIES: Columbia Pictures could win an Oscar for timidity, now that they've disposed of rights to *Catch 22* for costs to date. Filmways have bought the property, probably for direction by Mike Nichols. Meanwhile, reports *Variety,* author Joseph Heller has finished a screenplay dealing with spy-types who use op-pop creations as drop-spots. Peter Sellers and Zero Mostel are sought for co-starring roles. . . . Another off-again-on-again project, the film of *Camelot,* is now reported firm on Warner Brothers' 1966 schedule. Alan Jay Lerner has finished the screenplay. . . . Liz and Dickie have the leads in *The Taming of the Shrew,* now before the cameras in Italy. They're also producing it.

RKO has withdrawn a flock of "classic" flicks, including *Citizen Kane, The Informer, Suspicion, King Kong* and *Gunga Din,* from moviehouse distribution. Hope is to increase their value by keeping them out of circulation awhile. . . . Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke peer ahead in *2001: A Space Odyssey,* Cinerama epic now being filmed in England with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood starring. . . . Warner Brothers plan a big boomer about Tchaikovsky, to be co-produced with the Soviet Ministry of Cinematography and filmed entirely in Russia.



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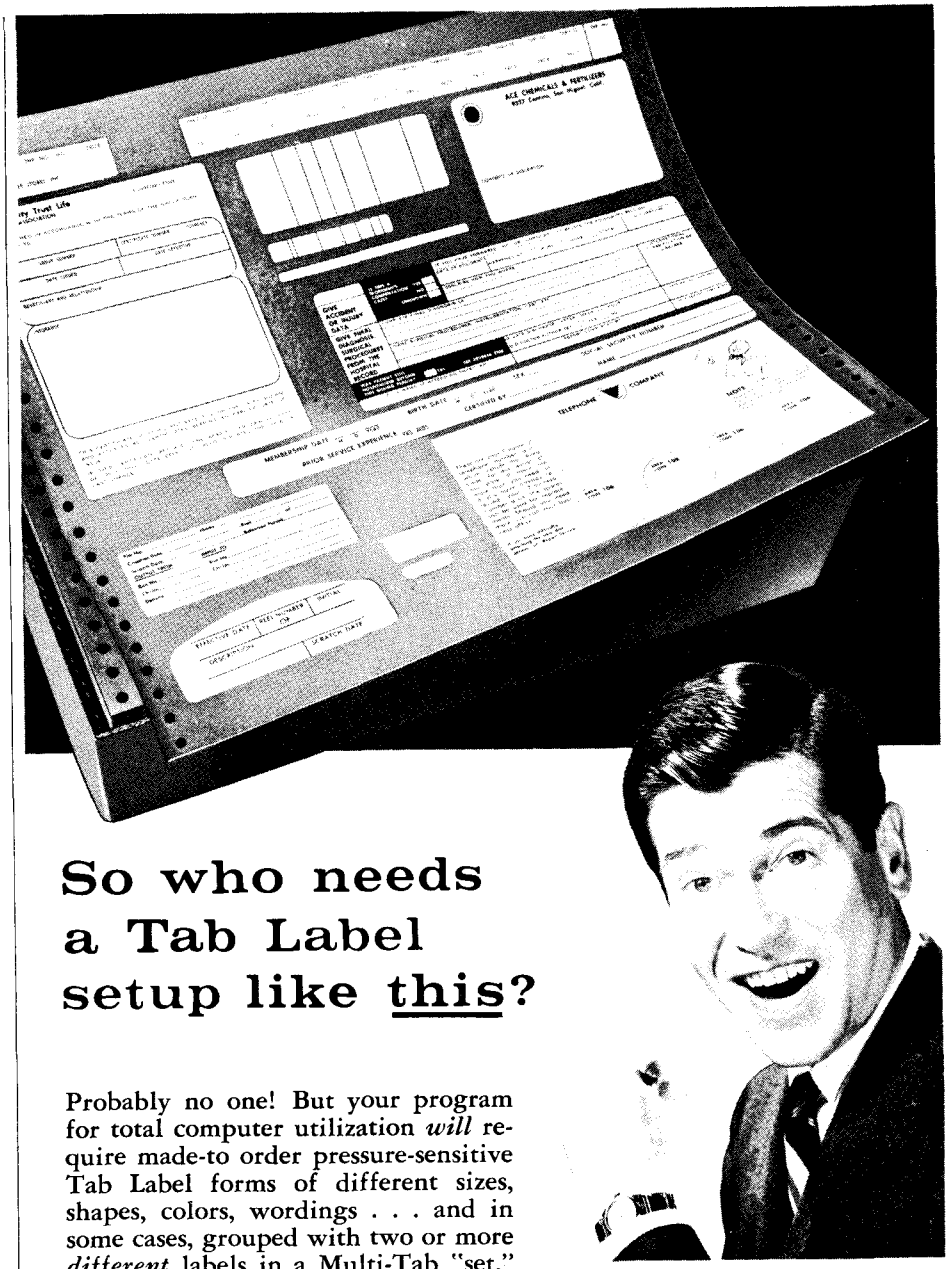
viously "German" in its kind, Father Martin D'Arcy's work in the Credo Series, *Dialogue with Myself,* is fully in the tradition of the urbane reflections of an English don. These reflections constitute a desultory spiritual autobiography, easy, humane, good-tempered, and pleasingly digressive. The book is, in fact, a prolonged monologue by Father D'Arcy on the formation of his mind, free and Catholic at the same time; and an extended series of comments on a score of thinkers as they have impinged on D'Arcy's life and thought. The surface ease with which this is done ought not to deceive the perceptive reader. We must not forget that this friendly and garrulous don is the same Martin D'Arcy who wrote that profound theological work, *The Mind and Heart of Love,* controverting the basic thesis of Anders Nygren's *Agape and Eros.* Nor must Father D'Arcy's easy way in this book lead us to slide along the surface and overlook the deep insight, the sustained thinking, that have made possible the unforced, unhurried manner that so delights us. The long footnote on pages 47-48, calling attention to the "noticeable likeness between what [Gerard Manley] Hopkins wrote and the analysis of the self made by Heidegger and Sartre and Merleau-Ponty," brings us up short before a profound idea that has so unaccountably escaped us, and we are compelled to admire the penetration of our easy, unassuming friend.

FATHER D'ARCY'S enterprise—an intellectual autobiography — requires him to comment critically upon some of the best-known thinkers of his time; and he does this in a way that combines a friendly and open manner with swift penetration to the heart of the matter. His comments on my own views (pp. 161-163) I find fair and appreciative, and his brief criticism very much to the point, even though I cannot prevail upon myself to accept it. Of course, his thinking is not without its oversimplifications and naivetés, as well as some concessions to *aggiornamento,* but these are more than made up for by frequent flashes of sophisticated realism learned from hard experience. My favorite remains: "The intelligentsia are slower than the Bourbons to learn from history."

Everyone—philosopher, theologian, as well as the "common reader"—will

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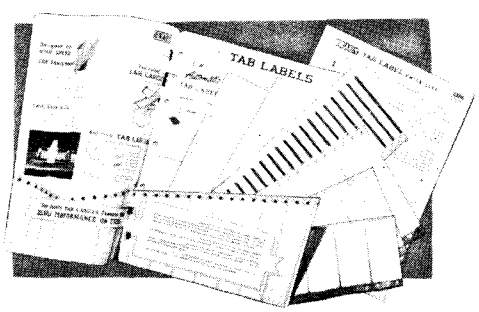


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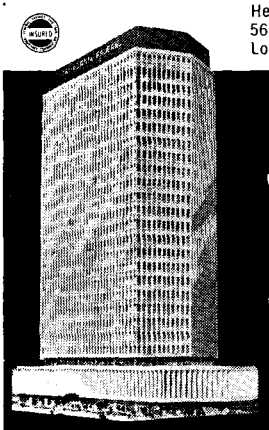

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profit by a careful reading of Father D'Arcy's memorabilia. And yet this book is not likely to make the impression it should on contemporary readers. It is—I beg pardon for the word—too "old-fashioned" in manner. It is too easygoing; it neither reflects nor communicates the existential tension, the high ontological pressure, that we have learned to expect of religio-philosophical and theological writings. (Not that the self-conscious tensionality of so much of Continental thinking does not itself become tiresome after a while.) The relaxed manner in which Father D'Arcy writes about life and faith simply does not speak to the condition of the present generation. This may well mark a severe limitation of the contemporary mind; but it is a fact.

The Roman Catholic Church has produced a number of effective post-Vatican II theologians and apologists in Europe, but none so far writing in English (or translated into it) quite adequate to the situation.

## *Fiction*

# Deep Waters and Dark

GUY DAVENPORT

"I'VE STRUGGLED TO KEEP UP," an aging professor in John Hersey's new novel says to the protagonist, a student whose dissidence is scarcely distinguishable from abject laziness. "The closest I can come to a suggestion is this: I think your best bet lies with following someone like Epictetus. You boys fancy yourselves as Diogenean—barefoot friars who despise so-called good things, and for whom the essence of virtue is independence—but cynic means dog-like, Fist, cynicism really comes down to snarling, when it's vulgarized the way you campus philosophers do vulgarize everything. And part of the time you seem to think Epicurus has it for you—cut out all learning that doesn't do anything for you; simple pleasures; freedom from fear, especially from fear of Hell." Here, we are told, the protagonist moved a step away.

John Fist moves back because the old professor has touched the tenderest spot in his Liberal soul, a spot he doesn't know is there, and which is so well kept a secret that John Hersey, always a shrewd and compassionate writer, should go down in the history of ideas for having seen it. What he has seen is that the current protest of youth in the name of freedom and the whole Christmas-stocking list of desiderata is simply America's first voice of all, the Puritan. The darkest cranny of the Puritan mind is that it found sin intolerable *in others*, while all too frequently it found cause to taste a little itself, on the sly. Sin emits its headiest flavor in a virtuous community, for one can always fool oneself into taking the responsibility for an infraction here and there. But one must be assured that everybody else is following the code. That is, that they are being good for you, and in your stead.

It is obvious after a few pages of this novel that the story is an allegory, that we are reading an up-

dated version of the Faustus legend, and not Goethe's transcendental one, either, but the starker, tragic one of Marlowe. Our John Fist is Johann Faust, our corrupting upper-classman Breed is Mephistopheles, with LSD for kicks, a whore for Helen, and a cheap *acte gratuit* (trust the Devil to have been reading Dostoievski and Gide) for the thrill of sin.

Yet the allegorical direction is not

*Too Far to Walk*, by John Hersey. Knopf, $4.95

*Genoa*, by Paul Metcalf. Jonathan Williams, $7.50



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to Faust at all but to that classic study of the Puritan psychology, Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Young Goodman Brown." This story, a concentrated statement of what Hawthorne says with more elaborate meaning in *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun,* tells how a simple Puritan went off to a gathering of the witches to see, after all, what it felt like to rub elbows with The Old One. He was assured secrecy; he would but peep, maybe sniff. What he sees at the coven is his wife, whom he had thought to be saintly. He sees the pillars of society, deacons, kindly grandmothers. He is so appalled that he flees and lives in despair.

John Fist, Mr. Hersey's hero, goes through all the non-conformist motions with perfect conformity, as if a handbook had been issued. He drifts away from class attendance (disobedience is the true obedience; to thine own contrariness be true); he falls under the cool superiority of Breed (the Devil is always the expert); throws himself upon the ancient sins of sloth, gluttony, lust, greed, all seven in fact, as though he had invented them. Ill temper, the Liberal's sullen pout, becomes his mode, and there is really nothing we can offer as a brake—once one is committed to rebellion against all, in the name of an alternative that doesn't yet exist (a Utopia fathered by Freud, Marx and Spock has yet to be imagined much less built), what can one hold out as a warning? Once Faust has signed the contract, it is too late to invoke the powers that might have kept him from it.

It is at this point that John Hersey remembers Young Goodman Brown and sees what practically everybody has missed in the young Liberals and their earnest outrage. With a witches' Sabbath induced by LSD (a drug that is said to have the Mephistophelean property of faking incredible euphoria and then plunging one into the totally negative tar-pit of doubt) Mr. Hersey stages an orgy that would have weakened the knees of Havelock Ellis. And right in the middle of it is John Fist's Mom. Dear dull old out-of-it Mom! No place for you, Mother; I mean, golly, this is cool teen-ager stuff, and, well, it just can't *be*!

Mr. Hersey is by no means the sole observer of the Puritan voice in Liberalism. Jung pointed it out years ago, noting that the rebel on the barricades must be certain that someone is going to remain conservative, to anchor him in the continuity of things. Hawthorne was fascinated by the subtle Puritan duplicity. But Mr. Hersey, in making the best and clearest portrait yet of the campus protestor, shows well what the newspapers can't tell us, that rebellion is an exclusive, deeply selfish club. It assumes a prerogative, and its assumption is the most astounding, gall-motivated insolence ever to be taken seriously by the public. I can play with fire, the protestor says, you can't. My misbehavior is Romantic; yours is disgusting. I am uninhibited; you are a pervert. I am Faust; you are a clod.

MR. HERSEY HAS always written a good novel. This is his ninth and he's still in top form. His sense of drama is superb, and if he has smoothed out many of the wrinkles in the undergraduate character, he has done it in the interest of clarity. His hero commits grand larceny for the thrill of it; it would have been more truthful to have shown him as our sons and daughters really are, petty thieves, pocketing a pack of cigarettes when the sales-girl isn't looking, as a matter of course, or shoplifting in the campus book-store—how upset these thieves (who are simply being cool, buddy, don't let it bug you) would be to have Mom exposed as a shoplifter at the supermarket back in Glendale. He has a peddler of class-notes where he might have displayed the ring of pre-written term-papers and theses that do a brisk business at all our colleges.

*Too Far to Walk*—eloquent title!—is a book to be grateful for. It holds up the mirror, which is the first thing we can ask of the artist. It opens our eyes, which is the last thing we can expect of a popular novel with a fashionable subject.

Mr. Hersey's novel has been printed in thousands of copies and will become a paperback and required reading in Humanities courses, and will be a movie, no doubt. Paul Metcalf's *Genoa,* beautifully printed by Andrew Hoyem in San Francisco, designed by the poet-printer Jonathan Williams, distributed by a few bookstores only (like all of Williams' Jargon Books, of which this is number 43), will be read by an infinitesimally small audience. One can say why without even opening the volumes. The jacket of Mr. Hersey's novel is like


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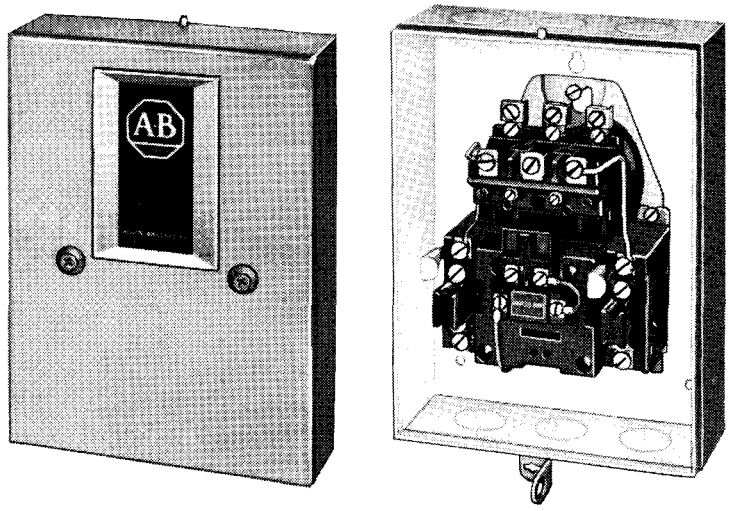


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an ad; title and author stand in poster type, and the blue face of a Troubled Youth emerges from a generous expanse of black. The cover of *Genoa* has no words at all: six photographs, instead—a diagram of a breech birth from Gray's *Anatomy,* a whale, a portrait of Columbus, another of Herman Melville, another of Mrs. Bonnie Brown Heady and Carl Austin Mills together (the kidnapers and murderers of Bobby Greenlease, in 1953), and a stripper in a night club. Put all these together and you have the material out of which Mr. Metcalf has made his remarkable narrative.

*Genoa* is not, however, about these things. It purports to be a document from the hand of Carl Mills' brother, a club-foot doctor whose life has been bookish and responsible, free of the demon that drove his brother to one of the most brutal and demoralizing crimes in our history. (Mrs. Heady gave as her sole explanation for the murder the desire she had always had for "a big round bed with silk sheets.") Mr. Metcalf's reconstruction of Carl Mills' past is fictional, just as his narrator is Mills' brother in the sense that we all are.

MR. METCALF TAKES up his theme exactly where Mr. Hersey had dropped his. Once Hersey's John Fist began to see that misbehavior cannot be private and without consequences in our brothers' lives, his troubles were only beginning, but that is maturity's tale, and cannot be shown in a novel about teen-agers. Mr. Metcalf (who is Melville's great-grandson) has chosen to look at the horror of Carl Mills with the poet's big eyes: eyes that are not content to look at yesterday (like Dreiser) or at the edges of the social order (like Zola), but with eyes that try to see all the way back to the American wholeness. He tells three narratives at once, the story of Columbus, of Melville, of Mills. "Tell" is not the word. He *shows,* he displays the original accounts; he knows his way around Melville with a sureness that will make the scholars blush (and discloses a theme in Melville that twenty years of burrowing by the Ph. D.'s missed—a theme so beautifully disclosed clue by clue that the reviewer can only say, See it for yourself).

And what is he saying? It is wiser to ask what language he's speaking. It's worthwhile pointing out that he's



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speaking a language that Hawthorne would have understood, and goes back to it with the same feeling that Mr. Hersey does, with a hunch that nineteenth-century voices are beginning to make sense that we'd never suspected before. He is speaking with the language of Charles Olson, the poet who wrote the first perspicacious study of Melville, *Call Me Ishmael*, and whose Maximus poems are one of the chief documents of the nation's conscience. He is also speaking the language of William Carlos Williams, whose honest voice is evident everywhere in this strange book. Add to these the voice of Columbus (heroic, peculiarly dramatic, haunting) and of Melville, and you have some idea of the richness of this narrative.

Mr. Metcalf weaves the three themes skillfully, making them touch just when they can speak in concert, disclosing ironies, deepening the intuitive evidence that there *is* a plot to American history. This is a history book, a critical work, a psychological study, a valid novel, and yet not quite any of these. Mr. Metcalf has made his own form, his own sense of the propriety of telling these three tales together. It is a book to read with astonishment and then to re-read with the familiarity of a second time through, to see the lines of force that have made the patterns. This is a clear book; it is by no means a pretty one. Mr. Metcalf's insistence on the wholeness of life keeps it close to an unnerving awareness of the monstrousness of the human body, and of the indignities and suffering of the body. His skill at juxtaposing human gestures keeps us from becoming suspended in either admiration or disgust: it was ambition and great daring that motivated Columbus and Carl Mills. Melville, whose mind had plumbed some nameless blackness ("God's foot on the treddle," as he says in *Moby Dick*), stands between the hero and the monster, partaking of each, capable of understanding both.

The history of American letters is filled with books like Mr. Metcalf's *Genoa* (Melville's own, for an obvious example), written with genius but with no bow toward public taste of the fashions of the time. Invariably we regret, years later to be sure, that we didn't have the perspicacity to see the goodness of the book at the time. Here's your chance.

[Since the publisher of Jargon Books is a poet, and takes great care to have his books well printed but none at all to have them sold, and is rarely at home to mail them to people who want to pay good money for them (and is on foot in Wales, at the moment, scribbling or staring at the moon), it's only fair to list the only reliable source for *Genoa*: The Asphodel Bookshop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland 14, Ohio.]

*Letters of Oswald Spengler, 1913-1936*, translated by Arthur Helps. Knopf, $6.95

# Whose Decline?

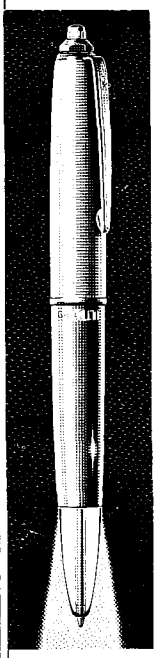
## WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

IT IS GENERALLY KNOWN, or it ought to be, that Arnold Toynbee's few original ideas are Oswald Spengler's. Yet Toynbee, for rather inexplicable reasons, still enjoys a viable reputation in the declining West, while Spengler remains exiled in the detention camp the Anglo-Saxon *Zeitgeist* so strictly keeps for intellectuals of German extraction. But the Nazis were indeed wrong—there *is* no race of *Untermenschen*, not even the Germans; in fact, the statistical probability of creative intelligence is about as high among the Germans as among the Americans, or even the British, and the racial discrimination practiced by Anglo-Saxon Liberals against the Germans seems to me one of the scandals of the age.

In the case of Spengler (1880-1936), to be honest, discrimination came easy. This first-rate mind, located very near the Olympus of timeless intellectual genius, belonged to a thoroughly repulsive man. Spengler looked exactly the way Frenchmen expect a *boche* to look, and there were as few traces of gracefulness in his mind as in his face. Besides, Spengler, who knew almost everything about mankind, knew almost nothing about man—a predicament he shares with most philosophers and ideologues. This intellect, trained to perceive facts with uncanny precision, was completely void of skepticism and humor. In short, if there was a German born to be disliked by Anglo-Saxons, it was Oswald Spengler.

And yet, he was a genius, or an almost genius. He certainly was as exclusively possessed by a central idea as a genius ought to be, and he served that central idea with a genius' killing loyalty. His tragedy, however, was that this central idea is false. Yet history's sense of humor has seen to it that, while Spengler remains taboo in the Anglo-Saxon world, his false central idea, as digested and marketed by Arnold Toynbee, finds a warm reception in the academies of

When is a pen not a pen?



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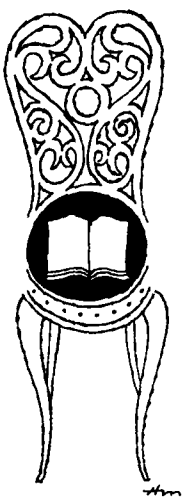
the West: namely, the idea that civilizations, like organisms, have a natural history of birth, youth, old age, and death.

*The Decline of the West* without a doubt belongs to the dozen or so seminal books of the century—not because of the central idea, but because of the innumerable flashes of insight that illumined Spengler's journey into error. During the twenties, of course, the entire intellectual world was fascinated by nothing but that error (as the world of intellectual fashion always falls for the ephemeral). In the thirties and forties, the intellectual world was too busy with "anti-fascism" to keep a balanced view of Spengler's intellectual merits; and, as I have said, the market was cornered by Toynbee anyway. But in the fifties and sixties, some incorruptible Western minds began to notice the lucidity and perceptiveness of Oswald Spengler.

Both—lucidity and perceptiveness—show in Spengler's detailed insights much more convincingly than in his grand design. The core of his conception—the *idée fixe* of history as a sub-discipline of biology—has the typical facility and glitter of all those amateurish foibles with which self-educated savants attain the posture of megalomaniacs. And there is no point in denying that Spengler was one of them. Yet his intellectual taste was subtle enough to suspect his own conclusions the moment they fitted those of a Goebbels or a Rosenberg. From the safe refuge of time and space, as a hindsight or a non-German view, it seems of course quite easy to avoid the Nazi blemish. But Spengler not only lived (and died) in Nazi Germany, he was also exposed to the triumphant political consequences of his personal philosophical adventures: superficially Hitler's rise seemed to confirm all of Spengler's prophecies about the West's Decline. And to be sane enough, under such circumstances, to reject the personal profits of such confirmation, was indubitably an intellectual and a moral sanity of a very high order. Spengler, who died as an unbending foe of triumphant "plebeianism," remains a nobly tragic figure of true Prussian rectitude.

Unfortunately, these select letters, written by and to Oswald Spengler during the last 23 years of his life, are a highly inadequate evidence of his qualities. They are, besides, edited with a sloppy inadequacy that is surprising in a Borzoi book. Just one example: This volume starts with the sentence, "Oswald Spengler died in the night of May 7-8, 1939 . . ." Yet Spengler died in 1936. But even an adequate editing job could not have substantially improved upon the natural deficiencies of Spengler's letter-writing.

In the first place, Spengler was a notoriously mute and fabulously lazy correspondent. This luminous essayist was as inarticulate in his letters as he was eloquent in his essays. There are, in the present volume, a few letters written to Spengler by first-rate minds (Adolph von Harnack, for instance) that should have lifted even a dull-head to heights of response—



but not Spengler. So self-conscious (or, perhaps, self-centered) was this strange intelligence that it immediately froze upon contact with another intelligence. In this one respect, surely, Spengler remained the archetype of German intellectualism. He could not be reached by dialogue; discussion, to him, was simply unthinkable.

But the deepest reason for Spengler's muteness in letter-writing was the vulnerability, the wilfulness of his central theoretical assumption—a wilfulness this exquisitely sensitive mind must have been aware of. To enter even the most private debate about *The Decline of the West* would have necessarily meant, for a mind as keen as Spengler's, to admit the logical questionability of his central idea—the crude "determinism" of a historical hypothesis that was, in almost every detail, accompanied by the most sensitive and discriminating comprehension of man's true motives and errors in history.

If man behaves in such a way that his civilization declines, one can of course say that he does so because it declines. But one can surely also contend that his civilization declines *because* man behaves as he does. Neither thesis is subject to "scientific" verification, simply because the human experiment cannot be reiterated—which is precisely what prevents the humanities from ever becoming natural sciences. For the essence of a natural science remains the verifiable (thus, repeatable) experiment, while the essential subject of the humanities is man's action, which, by its very nature, changes his environment irreparably.

If, for some reasons (for instance, because of Spengler's persuasiveness, not to speak of Toynbee's), Western man so behaves that Western civilization declines, it will have been his erroneous moral choice that made the West decline, *not* its inherent ("objective" or "biological") "law of vitality." Western man, on the other hand, *could* act in such a way that his civilization expands all over the world, and beyond all visible horizons of history, refuting all childish assumptions of "limited life-spans" and "incurable senility." For man's history, like his soul, is immortal and determined by nothing but his moral choices.

Toynbee has cloaked his own loss of nerve in a theory of history as "guilt and atonement," while Spengler, so much more intelligent than Toynbee, has interpreted his own sense of tragedy as a phenomenon of biological nature. But in both cases, an intellectual who has lost faith merely substitutes misunderstood natural science for an inquiry into morals. Spengler, to be sure, remained observant enough to pick up, on his way into ultimate error, innumerable *trouvailles* of analytical clarification; while Toynbee will soon be remembered, or rather forgotten, as a repetitious popularizer of inanities. Yet even Spengler cannot escape the inescapable—the self-demolition of an inflated triviality. The faster reality seems to confirm *The Decline of the West*, the clearer becomes man's (and *not* nature's) responsibility for his fate. The choice remains his—and he makes the wrong choice. His civilization dies, not of old age, or natural sickness, but of man's moral insanity—his loss of nerve and loss of faith.

Of these things Spengler knew far



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more than he admitted in writing. And there are traces of an indomitable "voluntarism" in his letters, stingy and mute as they are. He will be remembered as one of those rare men, who, like Tocqueville and Gibbon and Burke, retained a sense of man's essential freedom of choice, even in the face of horrifying evidence to the contrary.

## *The Passing Scene*

# Encounter in Warsaw

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE GIRL AT ORBIS, the state tourist agency, in Cracow, apologized that she had to charge me 150 zlotys for telephoning to Warsaw for my hotel reservation. She handed me several typewritten sheets, duplicates of her telephone conversation, and assured me that I should find a room waiting for me at the Grand Hotel. But she had forgotten about the Congress against War and Fascism.

When I arrived in Warsaw at the end of a rainy afternoon, there were no rooms at the Grand. I could not even get into the lobby. A minatory porter told me, as he hustled me out of the door, that the whole building was reserved for Congress delegates. In front of the hotel the parked rows of Zims and Chaikas—insolent chariots, large, black and spotless—looked like 1940 Buicks and Packards at an antique car rally. Here in the Grand the delegates were the higherups, gold teeth flashing as they talked, comfortably aware of their importance as they strolled into the lobby barred to me.

I asked at the Warsaw Orbis next door if there wasn't some place I could spend the night. A Kennedy half-dollar produced a cooperative smile from the girl at the desk. After thumbing through a large looseleaf notebook, she said that the best she could do was to get me into a hotel in the Praga section across the river. And I would have to share a bedroom with two others. I said as long as I didn't have to share a bed, I didn't care.

According to the marked map she gave me, I had several miles to drive. But driving in Warsaw is a kind of motorized slalom, for the streets are dark, the taxis avid, and one can use only parking lights. I lost myself in the reconstructed Old Town, finally emerged within sight of a bridge across the Vistula, and on the other side found myself on a wide boulevard labeled archaically Stalingradzka. My hotel, the Nova Praga, on a side street running off Stalingradzka, looked more like a warehouse than a hotel. At the reception alcove where I handed in my passport, I noticed half a dozen American passports already lying on the counter, but the Marxist free-loaders from across the Atlantic I never did manage to see. The stark lobby swarmed with delegates, the lower-down comrades, with stainless-steel teeth, who had arrived in chartered buses. Each of the eight floors of the Nova Praga had one washroom-toilet for men and one for women. With thirty or so rooms to the floor, the traffic was heavy. I opened the door of my own room with a certain uneasiness, wondering if I should have to share it with two rustic comrades. Only one other person was there, a young West German art historian who had just arrived from Danzig. Sharing a room involuntarily struck us as so comic that we got along very well together. Obviously, we concluded, the management wasn't mixing delegates and non-delegates. Our third bed remained vacant.

THE SMALL SPARTAN dining room on the first floor was almost empty when I entered it next morning. Each of the rectangular tables was set off by a small national flag. As the youth delegates came in, they were sorted out by a bustlingly officious woman, who directed them as if she were a traffic policeman. Communist organizer that she was, the international type she represented went beyond politics and regimes. Indeterminate in age, determined in everything else, her authoritative affability was that of the social worker incarnate. I had seen her among my Aunt Amy's friends in Boston's Elizabeth Peabody House, in the *Leiterinnen* of the National Socialist women's organizations, and in charge of Pioneer youth groups in East Berlin—managerial, dogmatic, asexual and eyes aglitter with self-righteousness. Preemptorily the *Leiterin* snapped her fingers for the headwaiter to hurry up. Delegates were to be served before tourists, and no mistake about it! I gave the headwaiter the wink as he went by, slipped him a Kennedy half-dollar. The effect was galvanic. He came to attention, clicked his heels, bowed from the waist. Then, smiling, he held out his hand, stammered in thin French that my breakfast would be ready at once, and with an egg! The *Leiterin* glared at me, her mouth open, too indignant for once even to speak.

When I entered Poland with a pocketful of Kennedy half-dollars I had not realized they would be so sought after. But they were. Girls, I noticed, wore them on chains round their necks. What Kennedy was as a man the Poles did not know, and perhaps did not care. For they had


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re-created him out of their own inner needs as a demi-god. John Kennedy came to represent all that was denied them by a harsh environment and a doctrinaire restrictive government. I used another Kennedy half that evening at the Polonia dining room back in the center of the city. There was no table free until I showed the headwaiter the silver coin. Then all of a sudden there was one.

Somehow through all changes the Polonia had managed to keep its Edwardian décor intact. The waiters wore dinner jackets, the linen and silver managed a degree of elegance, the plates were hot, and the food itself above mediocre—which in Poland is worth four stars. Also the headwaiter spoke English with a New York accent. When he discovered that I was American he sat down beside me. He had lived, he told me, in Queens, and showed me his expired car license to prove it. Only the harshness of American immigration laws, forbidding entry to his ailing mother, had brought him back from the United States. Directly in front of us, but facing in the other direction, a solitary blonde was just finishing her meal, her trim outline topped by shoulder length hair. "Now look at that babe," said the waiter, obviously proud of the *mot juste*, "there she is sitting alone, and here you are sitting alone. You two ought to get together. She looks priddy cute to me."

"I heard every word you said," the blonde burst out suddenly, as she turned round. "What is more," she went on, scolding the headwaiter, "my waiter said that some man here had already paid for my dinner. I don't like that. I pay for my own." He shrugged, said he didn't know who could have done such a thing, but it was her fault for being too attractive. She must have been about thirty; an almost doll-like face, yet behind its somewhat insipid prettiness I sensed something hard. Apologizing for the remarks, I asked her if she would have a drink. While the waiter scurried off for scotch, she came over to my table and sat down.

Trying to break the ice with a thin witticism, I said I was against war and fascism and also against congresses.

"I happen to be here for the Congress," she said without smiling.

"*And you listen to speeches* by politicians all day? It must be terrible."

"Not at all. It is very interesting. Important, too, for a Communist like myself. I am from East Germany, from the government television station. What do you do?"

"I write. I might as well tell you, too, that I am a conservative. In that case we ought to get along, since we know where we stand."

"On Vietnam?" she asked.

I DID NOT LET HER draw me out, saying that, although I had opinions, I had no real access to the inner facts. From Vietnam we went to the Kennedys. For once I had met someone behind the Iron Curtain who was impervious to the myth, who knew all about the life and ambitions of Father Joe, what he had done and what the election had cost him. Of course we eventually got to the Negro problem. "I may sound very archaic to you," I told her, "but for me it is a religious problem. If, as I believe, we are creatures of God, then each of us is equal before God. I bear witness as best I can by belonging to a church of which over half the congregation is colored. It is not very much that I do perhaps, but it is the best I can. We are part of one communion and we belong to each other. As for the street demonstrations and the protest parades—I saw those at the end of the Weimar Republic, as well as the fighting for the streets, and I am afraid of such things."

So we talked our hour away—I, the Boston suburbanite, and this elegant if slightly faded comrade, so different from the comrades singing their solidarity songs in the lobby of the Nova Praga. She asked about my writing and I told her of my Sacco-Vanzetti book, warning her that she would not like it. "It was the Communists who ran the international agitation and built up the case into a world issue, and I have said as much. As a matter of fact, your East German Professor Johannes Zelt demonstrated in great detail just how this was done in his 1957 book, *Proletarian Internationalism in the Fight for Sacco and Vanzetti.*"

"However you look at it," she said, sipping her scotch, "you must admit it was a classic case of capitalist injustice."

"That I don't admit. There were things I disapproved of in the trial, but it was no kangaroo court. I believed the two men were innocent when I started my book. Two-thirds


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through I came to the conclusion that Sacco was guilty. In 1961 we ran a series of bullet tests, comparing the bullets fired from the automatic found on Sacco when he was arrested with a bullet taken from the murdered payroll guard's body. Under the comparison microscope the two bullets matched as if they were one. That was what made me change my mind. I still think Vanzetti was innocent, but even with him I've changed my mind somewhat since my book came out. Today I think it is highly probable that the revolver found on him when he was arrested was the same revolver taken from the murdered guard. Oh, Vanzetti himself didn't take it, but the friend who sold him the revolver did. And Vanzetti knew who did kill the paymaster and his guard. He could have saved his life if he had wanted to betray his comrades and his cause. I must say I admire him for not doing so. . . . But I didn't come to Warsaw to retry Sacco and Vanzetti."

"I should like to read your book," she said.

"I'll be glad to send you a copy, except that most of the books I send to East Germany get confiscated."

"Those stupid literal little officials!" she said. "Anyhow, my books don't get confiscated." She gave me her name and address, and we walked out of the dining room together. I think the headwaiter was disappointed to see us leave by separate doors.

I kept my promise and sent her the book as soon as I was back in the United States. Of course I never heard from her again.


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# BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ASTORS: *A Family Chronicle of Pomp and Power*, by Lucy Kavaler (Dodd, Mead, $6.95). Actually, Miss Kavaler has written a biography of the money—how John Jacob Astor (b. 1763) came to this country and accumulated a fortune, how son William and grandson William magnified it, and how the American branch stopped being rich when the childless great-great-grandson William Vincent Astor (b. 1891) gave it *all* away. The British family retains its immense share of the mid-nineteenth-century divvying. It's a wise plan: a couple of hundred million dollars are interesting even in the hands of the boorish and dull, and concentrating on the money allows us to forget the in-laws and the daughters, and concentrate on the sons who for three generations were the conduits of one of the larger fortunes this world has seen. Along the way Miss Kavaler paints, in bright broad strokes, a fascinating social history of New York 1780-1920, and the dozens of photographs of family, decor, and houses are a valuable running documentary. W. F. RICKENBACKER

ZEB VANCE: *Champion of Personal Freedom*, by Glenn Tucker (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50). An imposingly thorough biography, this book is nonetheless a delight to read. Of rude origins in the mountains of western North Carolina, Zeb Vance was to serve in both houses of Congress, and became the youngest, possibly the ablest, surely the boldest governor of the Confederacy. His gifts took him into the House at 28, where he breathed life into the moribund Whig Party. In the critical debates preceding secession, Vance defended the Union with conviction; yet he instantly sided with the cotton states after Lincoln's regrettable call for volunteers, which amounted to an assessment of troops on North Carolina, and was the terminus of debate between North and South. Better to fight against one's cousins than one's brothers, the Tarheels reasoned, and Vance quickly formed a company, then a regiment of which he was elected colonel. It saw extensive and bloody action, from early defeat at New Bern and Malvern Hill to 83.5 per cent casualties at Gettysburg. But Vance had left the military to become governor, roundly defeating an original secessionist, and it was in this position that he won his greatest distinction. Some contributions: successful blockade running with his own vessel, organizing the state to produce food instead of cotton and tobacco, overcoming a critical shortage of salt, sending 200,000 Tarheels to war of a total white population of 630,000. But most important, he proved that civil liberties need not be the first casualty of war—a precedent it would be well to recall today. After the war, he was able to claim that "No man within the jurisdiction of the state of North Carolina [during the war] was denied the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, the right of trial by jury or the equal protection of the laws." Vance was arrested and jailed after the war, although no charges were brought against him. After Reconstruction, he served several terms in the Senate, where his great eloquence, still earthy until the day he died in 1894, brought him fame and respect. T. J. WHEELER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 19)

New York Times

PARDON FOR THE UNPARDONABLE:

A member of Congress has a grave and unique responsibility to obey the letter and the spirit of the law because he has been chosen by his fellow citizens to help write those laws. When a congressman violates the law, he damages the very foundations of trust upon which self-government ultimately rests. (from an editorial)



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# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

**DEFINITIONS**

A. French Revolutionist

B. Type of muslin (one of two sp.)

C. Severe and prolonged snowstorms

D. Bernardo Paganelli (3 wds.)

E. Region on Mediterranean Sea

F. Italian for all fruits

G. A variety of chalcedony (hyph.)

H. A reporter's epithet for Sen. Dirksen (3 wds.)

I. Boundlessness

J. Between decks storeroom space

K. What Queen Gertrude said to Ophelia (4 wds.)

L. Unguents

M. Informed

N. Inflammation of the windpipe

**WORDS**

7 241 130 138 142 201 185 195 249 213

218

12 239 6 19 33 42 58 65

39 95 125 135 149 164 196 216 224

48 202 159 190 242 258 121 128 169 64

204 209 229 1 92 111

50 132 220 233 236 205 9

63 129 177 203 221 2 255 183 252 10

14

67 25 28 37 8 240 262

105 21 44 49 113 120 253 90 143 175

189 208

116 59 102 134 139 145 179 17

147 56 78 87 107 110 124 257 36

173 24 45 54 35 71 76 104 3 18

68 83 191 211 215 16

186 27 70 80 88 98 127 46 197

226 66 84 94 109 148 152 247

232 137 146 155 4 160 180 51 60 23

**DEFINITIONS**

O. Capital of North Vietnam

P. Heavyweight boxing champion, 1949-51

Q. Dizzy state

R. Novel by Samuel Johnson

S. Biblical place, I Chr. 4:29

T. Entire or partial loss of feeling or sensation (one of two sp.)

U. A Ford who appears on television (not Gerald R.) (2 wds.)

V. Necessary at cocktail party (2 wds.)

W. Held possession of

X. A word that remains the same when reflected in a mirror

Y. What politicians worry over unduly

Z. Anagram of WORD X

a. State of being seasonable

b. A Mississippi stream (2 wds.)

**WORDS**

245 69 74 126 154

250 167 207 212 219 227 254 210 73 176

57 82 29

30 96 133 153 166 172 223 52 231

85 225 251 11 62 165 114 131

91 261 15 151

123 161 171 235 40 93 47 101 108 156

248

140 79 157 182 238 55 89 106 112 119

163 184 206 136

20 244 260 61 97 115 86 72 99 32

13 194

199 122 144 38 174 75 118 53

222 81 192 43 198 150

256 200 178 34 158 141

5 228 100 181 41 259

22 77 214 162 103 41 187 243 217 234

26 230 117 246 31 193 188 237 168 170

See page 432 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

**DIRECTIONS**

*The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 D | 2 F | 3 K | 4 N | 5 Z | 6 B | 7 A | 8 G | 9 E | 10 F | 11 R | 12 B | 13 V | 14 F | 15 S | 16 K | 17 I | 18 K |
| 19 B | 20 V | 21 H | 22 a | 23 N | 24 K | 25 G | 26 b | 27 L | 28 G | 29 P | 30 Q | 31 b | 32 V | 33 B | 34 Y | 35 K | 36 J |
| 37 G | 38 W | 39 C | 40 T | 41 Z | 42 B | 43 X | 44 H | 45 K | 46 L | 47 T | 48 D | 49 H | 50 E | 51 N | 52 Q | 53 W | 54 K |
| 55 U | 56 J | 57 P | 58 B | 59 I | 60 N | 61 V | 62 R | 63 F | 64 D | 65 B | 66 M | 67 G | 68 K | 69 O | 70 L | 71 K | 72 V |
| 73 P | 74 O | 75 W | 76 K | 77 a | 78 J | 79 U | 80 L | 81 X | 82 P | 83 K | 84 M | 85 R | 86 V | 87 J | 88 L | 89 U | 90 H |
| 91 S | 92 D | 93 T | 94 M | 95 C | 96 Q | 97 V | 98 L | 99 V | 100Z | 101T | 102I | 103a | 104K | 105H | 106U | 107J | 108T |
| 109M | 110J | 111D | 112U | 113H | 114R | 115V | 116I | 117B | 118W | 119U | 120H | 121D | 122W | 123T | 124J | 125C | 126Q |
| 127L | 128D | 129F | 130A | 131R | 132E | 133Q | 134I | 135C | 136U | 137N | 138A | 139I | 140U | 141Y | 142A | 143H | 144W |
| 145I | 146N | 147J | 148M | 149C | 150X | 151S | 152M | 153Q | 154O | 155N | 156T | 157U | 158Y | 159D | 160N | 161T | 162a |
| 163U | 164C | 165R | 166Q | 167P | 168b | 169D | 170b | 171T | 172Q | 173K | 174W | 175H | 176P | 177F | 178Y | 179I | 180N |
| 181Z | 182U | 183F | 184U | 185A | 186L | 187a | 188b | 189H | 190D | 191K | 192X | 193b | 194V | 195A | 196C | 197L | 198X |
| 199W | 200Y | 201A | 202D | 203F | 204D | 205E | 206U | 207P | 208H | 209D | 210P | 211K | 212P | 213A | 214a | 215K | 216C |
| 217a | 218A | 219P | 220E | 221F | 222X | 223Q | 224C | 225R | 226M | 227P | 228Z | 229D | 230b | 231Q | 232N | 233E | 234a |
| 235T | 236E | 237b | 238U | 239B | 240G | 241A | 242D | 243a | 244V | 245O | 246b | 247M | 248T | 249A | 250P | 251R | 252F |
| 253H | 254P | 255F | 256Y | 257J | 258D | 259Z | 260V | 261S | 262G | | | | | | | | |



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By June 1, young conservative childless couple wants inexpensive unfurnished, 3 room apt. in Manhattan. E. 50,60,70's. Prefer brownstone, references. Write NR Box 445.

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## HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 419)

sounds rather dreadful) is great, and almost a meal in itself. Piroshkis, little puff pastries filled with meat, and mouthwatering indeed, come with the soup in the traditional Russian way. The blini, buckwheat pancakes with caviar, are excellent, and so are the standard Russian cuisine meats, the shashlik (meat on a skewer, also known as shish-kebab) and the Cotelette Kiev, a boned breast of chicken stuffed with butter and deep-fried. Some of the restaurant's most interesting food is served only at lunch, for example Siberian Pellmeni, pastry-wrapped, dill-flavored beef balls cooked in broth. Wednesday is their day, with other specialties on other days. For the sweet-toothed, I wish to lift my voice in praise of the Russian Tearoom's French pastries, some of which are even better than those I remember from my childhood at Hugenin's Confiserie in Lugano.

Also very commendable is the restaurant's attitude to wines. There are no great vintages on the list, but very good wines very reasonably priced, by the half-bottle and the bottle. We had a very pleasant red Burgundy, a Pouligny Montrachet '61, for $6 a full bottle and, barring champagne, that was the most expensive wine on the list.

The Russian Tearoom is always jammed, so for lunch, unless you reserve a table, it is well to come at twelve, and for dinner, around six. The price of the table d'hote dinner is around $5 to $6. Open daily for lunch, dinner, cocktails, and after-theater supper.

## MALLAN

(Continued from p. 416)

American public has a right to know the truth and not be taken in by false claims of the Soviet Union, a self-declared enemy of our entire way of life. Thinking that the USSR is far ahead of the United States in space technology can be as dangerous psychologically, morally and politically as underestimating it.

## WAUGH

(Continued from p. 418)

with the craft he perfected to delineate flaming umbrellas, the last novel, *Sword of Honor*, is history on a scale more than social: a dry crisp counterpart to Ford Madox Ford's tetralogy of an earlier war, *Parade's End*. Each work is a diffracted autobiography from which we can learn, in the aftermath of total disaster, much of what happened. If the future is to contain more than Waugh expected of it, we may thank the persistence of such moral qualities—patience, the craftsman's modesty, fidelity to the nature of one's job—as he manifested; and be grateful for what force his example may have.

## TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 390)

ment would get overwhelming approval. Does Mr. Smith have the support of all of Rhodesia?

ROBERT J. PALMERI
Dept. of Geology
*Middletown, Conn.* Wesleyan University

***A Reply***

Mr. Robert Palmeri says I have misunderstood Nigeria but I think he has misunderstood me. His analysis of the military take-over in Nigeria is, I am sure, entirely right. The people were fed up with corruption and inefficiency and threw out the politicians—the same as in Ghana a few weeks later. The pattern is spreading all over Africa. And I am sure that, as he says, a majority is behind the purge.

But the fact remains that Nigeria's government was taken over by a military coup and the Prime Minister murdered. This may have accorded with the people's wishes but was it *legal*? It is the *illegality* of Ian Smith's Rhodesian government that is stressed *ad nauseam* by Harold Wilson's government—which has even taken to calling UDI (Unilateral Declaration of Independence) IDI (Illegal ditto). Just how pompous can people get?

My point was that if you swallow the Nigerian camel of a military coup accompanied by the murder of the legally elected rulers, it is, to say the least, a bit ridiculous to strain at the Rhodesian gnat of an existing and legally elected Prime Minister who simply goes on being Prime Minister as before without the firing of a single shot—especially when the principal assassinated Nigerian ruler (Sir Abubakar Tafewa Balewa) has been for many years a staunch friend of Britain's and, less than a week before, a eulogized host at a Commonwealth Conference.

"Does Mr. Smith," writes Mr. Palmeri, "have the support of all of Rhodesia?" Of course not. I have never said or written, nor do I believe, that the policy of Mr. Smith's government—which *is* a government, not a regime—is right; or that the rule of a white minority in Africa can, or should, endure. Nor do I believe in the African nationalists' one-man-one-vote now. A compromise must somehow be reached. You reach compromises by reasoning with people, not by bludgeoning them. Anyone could have told Mr. Wilson that the quickest way to rally waverers—of whom Rhodesia has quite a lot—behind their leaders was to gang up on them from outside, hurl abuse, cut off their supplies, and endeavor, in the sporting metaphor so oddly favored by our Prime Minister, to "bring the Smith regime to heel." All you bring them to is a die-in-the-last-ditch mentality and this is what Mr. Wilson has done.

ELSPETH HUXLEY
*Malmesbury, Wilts., England*


NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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# For The Record

Sidelash: Decision of Martin Luther King and other civil rights leaders to get into Vietnam debate hurting civil rights drive. Recent Lou Harris poll shows that 40 per cent of those questioned said they were less sympathetic to rights questions since rights leaders went international. . . . Beat couples in San Francisco now having children delivered by midwives. Rationale: Then they won't have to register them, which should make them draft-free twenty years hence. . . . Paul Booth, head of Students for a Democratic Society, says that since September, his group has sold 15,000 copies of a guide on how to get classified as a conscientious objector.

Washington Post's Stanley Karnow estimates on basis of two-week trip through Indonesia that as many as half a million Communists, Communist sympathizers, and unpopular citizens may have been killed in bloodbath following abortive coup last Sept. Karnow says carnage continues on some of the remoter islands. . . . Prince Abdul Rahman of Malaysia has given cautious approval for an impartial Afro-Asian investigation of whether Sabah and Sarawak joined Malaysian Federation by popular choice. If so, it could be excuse new Indonesian authorities need for abandoning costly and ineffective Crush-Malaysia campaign.

Unexpected: Dr. Kenneth Clark, prominent Negro psychologist, has slammed practice of promoting students who fail junior high school exams to high school as "criminal, negligent and dehumanizing process." . . . Enraged: Rep. Wm. Ayres, ranking Republican on House Education and Labor Committee, at disclosure that United Planning Organization, a federally financed anti-poverty agency in Washington, has hired three ex-convicts to counsel youths because they are "able to relate" to the underprivileged. . . . Back in the news: Madalyn Murray O'Hair ("Mad Murray" of the Supreme Court prayer decision). She's now demanding that churches be made to pay taxes. . . . Sen. Edward Kennedy not satisfied with Soviet report of what happened to Newcomb Mott (of Sheffield, Mass.), the American tourist who committed suicide or was killed, while en route to a Soviet labor camp. He has asked Sec. of State Rusk to demand a fuller accounting of what happened to Mott.

New York transit authority reports that 150,000 daily riders appear to have switched permanently to other modes of transportation as result of thirteen-day transit tie-up in January . . . . Spurred by the victory on repeal of Section 14(b) of Taft-Hartley, the National Right to Work Committee has organized local committees in seven new states since start of the year.

California may have nosed New York out this year as most populous state in the Union, but not in the affection of Bureau of Internal Revenue which reports a tax intake from New York of $21.1 billion in 1965 as against puny $10.1 billion for California.

Punch — Ben Roth Agency

***Compulsory Education***



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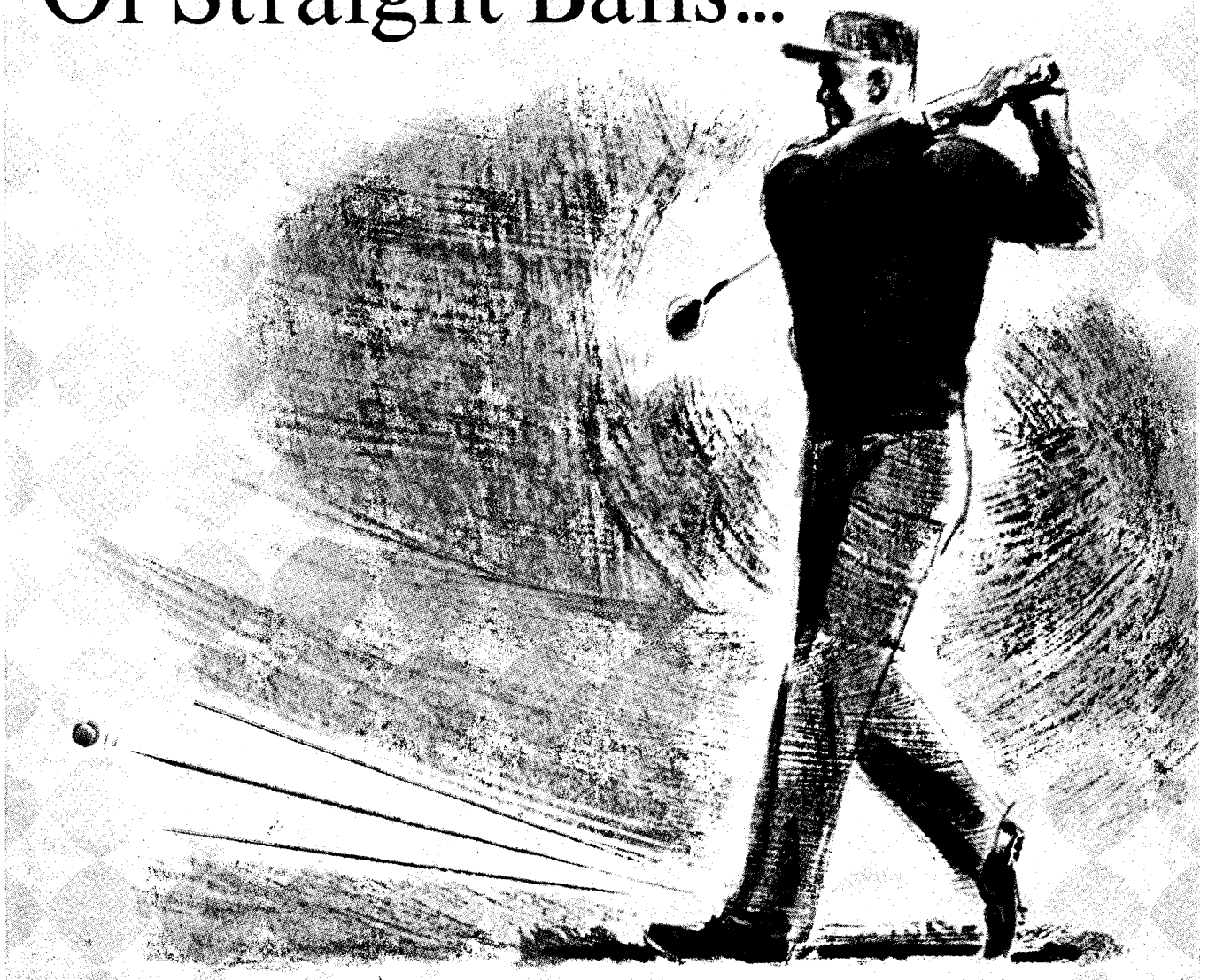
# Odd Balls Or Straight Balls...



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